



*The R^{gt} Hon^{ble} John
Baron Wilmot
England & Viscount
in Ireland, Borne Apr: 1648.*

*Earle of Rochester.
of Adderbury in
Wilmot of Athlone
Died. 26 of July 1680.*



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THE ~~1613~~ 27
Miscellaneous Works
OF THE
Right Honourable
THE LATE *Wilmot* (5)
EARLS of { ROCHESTER
And
{ ROSCOMMON.

WITH
The Memoirs of the Life and Character
of the late Earl of *Rochester*, in a Letter to
the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*.
By Monſ. *St. Evremont*.

To which is added,
A curious Collection of Original Poems
and Tranſlations by

The Earl of <i>Dorſet</i> ,	{	Mr. <i>Otway</i> ,
The Lord <i>Somers</i> ,		Mr. <i>Prior</i> ,
The Lord <i>Halifax</i> ,		Mr. <i>Walſh</i> ,
The Lord <i>Gunnville</i> ,		Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Sir Roger L' <i>Eſtrange</i> ,		Mr. <i>Rowe</i> , &c.

London Printed: And ſold by B. Bragge, at the *Raven*
in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, againſt *Ivy-Lane*. 1707.

Miscellaneous Works

OF THE

Right Honourable



EARLS OF

ROSCOMMON

WITH

The Memoirs of the late Earl of Roscommon
of the late Earl of Roscommon and his family
the Dukes of Devonshire

By Montagu Roscommon

To which is added

A curious Collection of Original Letters
and Tracts



The Earl of Roscommon
The Earl of Devonshire
The Duke of Devonshire
The Duke of Devonshire
The Duke of Devonshire

49

London: Printed: And sold by A. Millar, in Pall-mall
in Paper-Bags, for 1s. 6d.

THE
MEMOIERS
OF THE
LIFE
OF

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

WRITTEN

By Monsieur St. Evremont,
in a Letter to her Grace the Dutches
of Mazarine.

*Margaret de Saint-Denis
(c)*

Translated from the Original Manuscript.

AMONG the Wonders your Grace
every Day performs, it is not per-
haps the least, Madam, of ma-
king me shake off that habitual Laziness

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The Life of the

I have contracted, which has almost begot an Aversion to Writing; especially on such a Subject, and to such a Reader, both sufficient Checks to a Man, who could consider any thing but your Grace's Commands. No, Madam, your Desires are never to be disobey'd by me, however difficult the Task may prove, which you impose; especially when I remember, that your Grace have the most piercing Wit, as well as the most piercing Eyes in the World; yet that you have too much Justice to be severe on this Essay of my Obedience, not Presumption; because I chose rather to forfeit your good Opinion of my Understanding, than Respect. I am sensible, that I take on me a Province far beyond my Capacity to execute; but I can venture at any thing, rather than your Displeasure.

Perhaps your Grace may not expect, that I should make you look back beyond those sprightly Hours of his Life,
when



Earl of Rochester.

when he fir'd the Breasts of the Ladie with Love, and wounded those of Men with Envy. But, Madam, since you have set me a Task, I must perform it in all its Parts, according to the Methods of all those Gentlemen, who have presented the World with the Lives of Heroes, who always begin with his Parentage and Birth, and thence lead you by degrees into a thorough Acquaintance with the Spirit, Temper, and Life. Thus must I do, Madam, with this noble Lord, from his Birth, to his early Death.

His Father was *Henry Lord Wilmot*, afterwards *Earl of Rochester*, a Man very Eminent, and Renown'd in the *English Histories* of the late Civil Wars, for his Valour, and Fidelity both to the Father and Son. This gain'd him the chief Confidence of King *Charles* the second, who entrusted his Person to him after the unfortunate Battel of *Worcester*. Which Trust he discharg'd with so much Conduct,

The Life of the

duct, as well as Faith, that the King was convey'd out of *England* into *France* chiefly by his Care, Application, and Vigilance. This was his Father. And for the Mother of our Hero, she was of the ancient Family of the *St. Johns* of *Wiltshire*, and a Lady of equal Parts and Beauty, as I have been inform'd, and which I am induc'd to believe, Madam, because the more charming the Object of Love is, the more fierce are our Desires, and the greater Energy of Love in our Embraces. I may say of him with more Justice and Reason, what *Mr. Dryden* said of another,

*Whether inspir'd by some Diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust.*

But leaving an Enquiry so nice, I return to my Subject, by informing your Grace, that of these two, *John Wilmot*, Earl of *Rochester*, Viscount *Athlone* in *Ireland*, and Baron *Adderbury* in *Oxfordshire*,

Earl of Rochester.

Shire, was born at *Ditchley* near *Woodstock*, in the same County, (and the Scene of many of his Pleasures, and of his Death) in the Year 1648, distinguish'd from other Years by two extraordinary Events, the *Martyrdom* of King *Charles I.* by a prevailing Party of his Subjects, at his own Palace Window, and the Birth of my Lord *Rochester*, as eminent for Wit and Gallantry, as that unfortunate King was for Piety and Religion. I will not here, Madam, enter into a Comparifon of their feveral Merits, or of the Preference of what each excell'd in: For notwithstanding the Opinion fome have entertain'd of the Latitude of my Religious Principles, I muft assure your Grace, I think there is no Comparifon between them; and all I fhall fay, is, that the King was fitter for that World, to which he went from the Scaffold, and my Lord for that he enter'd from his Mother's Womb at the fame time.

The Life of the

My Lord's Father had the ill Fortune to reap none of the Rewards and Advantages of his Sufferings and Loyalty, because he died before the *Restoration* of 1660, leaving his Son, as the principal part of his Inheritance, his Titles of Honour, and Merit of those extraordinary Services which he had done the Crown. But the prudent Conduct of the Mother, supply'd the Donal Estate left by the Father, for she manag'd it with such Address, that his Education was still preserv'd suitable to his Quality.

Here, Madam, were I to follow those Famous Authors, who have given us the Lives of the ancient Heroes, and Poets, I should entertain your Grace with the Scene of all the extraordinary Accidents, and pretty Events of his Child-hood, not forgetting any of those little pert Sayings or Actions, that might be the Fore-runners of that eminent Excellence which he discover'd when he came to Man's Estate.

Nay,

Earl of Rochester.

Nay, if all these important Affairs, by the Negligence of those, who should have convey'd them to us, were lost, I should, to raise the Character of my Hero, give so necessary an Indulgence to Invention, as by that to form some wonderful and early Promises of his future Greatness. But not being so fond of my own Fancy, as to write fictitious Wonders of his Child-hood, and all those that were real, being not to be found in the authentick Records of Time, I shall not presume to amuse your Grace with insipid Fables, that can neither entertain nor instruct; but only let you know, that he was so extreamly Docile, and made such an easy Progress in Learning on his first Application to Letters at School, as discover'd the Seeds of that Great Genius, that afterwards appear'd more conspicuously in his riper Years. For there, among Boys, first shone those sprightly Parts, which afterwards dazzled

The Life of the

the Eyes, and drew the Admiration of Men, and the Hearts of the Ladies.

We may venture to say, that at School it was that he laid such a Foundation of the *Latin* Tongue, and obtain'd so great a Mastery of it, that he never lost a true Taste of any sovereign Beauty of those great Authors of that Language in its most flourishing Age, I mean that of *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, and the like, in which he found these transporting Pleasures, Madam, which cannot be convey'd to your Grace through any of the Translations we have, tho' the *French* have made greater Progress in that Art, and have apply'd themselves more to it, than any other Nation whatever, that I know of. Whether it be, that the Moderns want Genius to come up to the Energy and Excellence of the Ancients, or that great part of the Charm of the ancient Poets be in the Expression, which it is impossible to preserve in any
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Earl of Rochester.

less perfect Language : And in spite of our Vanity, we must allow, that even the *French* cannot come up to the *Latin*, either in Strength, Harmony, or Copiousness. In short, Madam, no Pleasure can be so great to a Man of Sense, except it be your Grace's Conversation, which receives and gives fresh Force from and to the inevitable Charms of your Person.

If he began to lay the Foundation of Learning at School, he finish'd the Building on his Removal to the University of *Oxford*, where, in *Wadham* Colledge, under the Tuition of Dr. *Blanford*, afterwards successively Bishop of *Oxford* and *Worcester*, and the more immediate Care of Mr. *Phineas Berry*, Fellow of that Colledge, he gain'd all the Knowledge, the Gaiety of the Times, and that universal Spirit of Joy and Pleasure, which spread over all these fortunate Islands on the Restoration, would permit. For my
Lord

The Life of the

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Lord

The Life of the

Lord here, in the Arms of the Mazes, and under the Restriction of a Tutor, form'd the first Accesses of Pleasure so tempting and engaging to his Soul so adapted to them, that his Application to Study soon grew slack, and in a little time so totally lost in the Pursuit of Joys more agreeable to his Inclination, that he never entertain'd any Thoughts of returning to his Studies, 'till the fine Address of his Governor, Dr. *Balfour*, in his Travels, by engaging him with Books suitable to his Inclinations, by degrees won him to those Charms which he had by a youthful Levity forsaken : Which being back'd by Reason more strong in him now, and a riper Taste of the Pleasures of Learning, which must win the Heart of a sensible Man ; and these his Governor always took Care to place in so good a Light, that by degrees he made him perfectly in Love with Knowledge ; in the Pursuit of which, he always spent those Hours which
he

Earl of Rochester.

he sometimes stole from the *Witty*, and the *Fair*.

I do not at all doubt, Madam, but that your Grace is quite tir'd with this part of his Lordship's Life, in which Love and Beauty had so little Share; you must, Madam, think these so many tedious Impertinencies; yet since you have oblig'd me to write a Life, you must undergo the Pennance of those Modes and Forms, which the Task your own Authority impos'd, requires. He has all this while been cultivating those fine Parts, and nourishing that great Genius, which is now to appear in the Drawing-Room among the Ladies, with Force not inferiour to their Eyes in their gayest Dawn, but of larger Extent in Duration and Power. 'Till now, he has been laying up a Fund for all that Spirit and Wit, which afterwards was the Term of Knaves and Fools, and little Pretenders
of

The Life of the

of all sorts, and the Delight of the Wit-
ty, the Honest, and Meritorious.

He now, Madam, comes from Travel, at the early Age of Eighteen, when other more backward Gentlemen are scarce yet fit to set out. But my Lord was not to take Measures from the common Rate of Men ; he was distinguish'd sufficiently by Nature, from most Men, who could therefore be no Rule to him. Arriving from Travel, his Quality, his Spirit, and Inclination, soon led him to Court, with the Advantage of such Qualifications as few brought thither : For his Person was graceful, tho' tall and slender, his Mien and Shape having something extreamly engaging ; and for his Mind, it discover'd Charms not to be withstood : His Wit was strong, subtil, sublime, sprightly ; he was perfectly well bred, and adorn'd with a natural Modesty, which extreamly became him. He was Master of both the ancient and modern Authors, as well as
of

Earl of Rochester.

of all those in the modern *French* and *Italian*, to say nothing of the *English*, which were worthy the Perusal of a Man of fine Sense. From all which he drew a Conversation so engaging, that none could enjoy without Admiration and Delight, and few without Love.

He had not been long at Court, when inspir'd with a Desire of shewing his Courage, he chose the Sea for the Scene of Action, and under the Earl of *Sandwich* and Sir *Edward Spragge*, he gave uncommon Proof of an Intrepid Soul; however, he afterwards lost that Character in private Broils. But tho' there may very easily be a Reason assign'd for so great a Contrariety of Temper in the same Man, at different Times, on different Occasions, and in different Circumstances; yet the Disquisition is too Philosophical and Jeune to entertain your Grace; let it suffice to say, that we differ not from one
another

The Life of the

another more, than from our selves at different Times.

Having signaliz'd himself in War, he returns to Court, where Pleasure and Love kept their perpetual Rendezvous, under the auspicious Smiles of a Monarch made by Nature for all the Enjoyments of the most elegant Desires. Since his Travels, he had contracted a Temperance, which being in it self extraordinary in an Age so dissolute, was soon, tho' by insensible degrees, laid aside, and a Loose given to all the Pleasure of the Court and Town, of Love and Wine, for both which he was qualify'd by Nature, having a strong Constitution, by tho' too frequent, and too continu'd Excesses, he broke it, and died a young Man. As a Beauty owes her Ruin to her own Charms, so did my Lord; for as Beauty draws a Crowd of Adorers, and makes every one press for a Joy, that so few can grant. Importunity, Opportunity, Assiduity,

Earl of Rochester.

duity, and Variety of Objects, win the Fair to surrender a Jewel that cannot be restor'd. Thus the uncommon Charms of my Lord's Conversation, drew every Man of Taste to engage him with a Bottle, his pleasing Extravagance encreasing with his Liquor, the Frolicks that inspir'd, affording Talk for the Town, as well as the Adventures in them for some time after. It was not indeed, Madam, however, for every Man to venture a Debauch with him; for a Jest and Diversion, he would often hazard his Life; and that many would think paying too dear for his Conversation.

But he often mingled his Amours in his Frolicks, and cover'd the Extravagance of his Appetite under that of his Fancy. I will not hold your Grace long with any of these Adventures, nor shall I give you many of them, tho' I might a Thousand, because I will
not

The Life of the

not swell my Account beyond the Bounds of a Letter.

His Talent of Satyr, was admirable, and in it he spared none, not even the King himself, whose Weakness for some of his Mistresses, he endeavour'd to cure by several Means; that is, either by winning them from him, in spite of the Indulgence and Liberality they felt from a Royal Gallant, or by severely Lampooning them and him on various Occasions; which generally the King (who was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, as well as my Lord) took for the natural Sallies of his Genius, and meant as Sports of Fancy, more than Efforts of Malice. Yet either by a too frequent Repetition, or a too close and poignant Violence, he banish'd him the Court, for a Satyr made directly on him.

The Duke of *Buckingham* being at this time under Disgrace for things of
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Earl of Rochester.

ther Nature, they resolv'd to go in search of Adventures ; among many of which, this was one. There happens an Inn on *New-Market* Road to be lett ; they disguise themselves fit for the Persons they were to assume, and jointly take this Inn, in which each in his Turn officiates as Master. But this being not done, either for absconding from the Anger of the Sovereign, or the Sake of selling Ale, they soon set themselves to pursue the more pleasing Aim of their Ramble. They having observ'd such of the pretty Girls of the Country, as they fancy'd most, (they consider'd not whether Maids, Wives, or Widows) to gain Opportunities, they invited the Country, at least those Neighbours, that had these Wives or Daughters, to frequent Feasts, where the Men were ply'd hard with good Liquor, and the Women sufficiently warm'd, to make but as little Resistance, as would be agreeable to their Inclinations : Doubly qualifying both Sexes, the Men with Wine and other strong Liquor, and the Women with Love.

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Your

The Life of the

Your Grace must imagine, that this sort of Life could not be of long Duration, because Pleasures so common, and that without any thing to Pay, must give a shrewd Suspicion, that the Hosts must soon break, or that they were of Circumstances, that were not very agreeable to the Post, they were in. This they were sensible of, nor much concern'd about it, since they were seldom fond of long continuing the same sort of Adventures, Variety being the Life of their Enjoyments. It was besides near the Time of his Majesty's going to *New-Market*; when they design'd, that a Discovery of their real Plots should clear them from the Imputation of being concern'd in any more pernicious to his Majesty, and his easy Government. These two Conjunctures meeting, they thought themselves oblig'd to dispatch two important Adventures, which they had not yet been able to compass: There was an old covetous Huncks in the Neighbourhood, who had, notwithstanding

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Earl of Rochester.

ing his Age, got a very pretty young Wife : In the Poetical Age, she had been taken for one of the Wood-Nymphs ; *Salmacis* was not more charming, nor more fit for the Joy. Her Husband was as watchful of her, as of his Money ; nor ever trusted her out of his Sight, but into the Hands of an old, ill-natur'd, ugly, hypocritical Sister, who having never experienc'd the Joys of Love, had the true Envy of an old Maid to all that was young and handsome. Our Noble Hosts had no manner of doubt of his accepting a 'Treat, for he had done many, loving a Debauch with all his Heart, when it cost him nothing, else the most temperate and abstemious Man alive ; but then they could never prevail with him to bring his Wife along with him, notwithstanding they urg'd the Presence of so many good Wives of the Neighbourhood to keep her Company. All their Study was then, how to charm the Dragon, that he left behind to guard the delicious *Hesperian*

The Life of the

perian Fruit, which he could neither eat himself, nor suffer any other to eat.

Such Difficulties as these, did not use to puzzle such Inventions. It was therefore agreed, that my Lord *Rochester* should be dress'd in Woman's Cloaths, and while the Husband was engag'd by my Lord Duke, and his good Liquor, he should go and try his Luck with the old Hypocrite at Home. He knew, that she was a mighty Lover of a Dram of the Bottle, when she could come by it : With that *Viaticum* he marches, equip'd like a Country Lass, to the old Miser's House. Much ado he found means to get Sight or Speech of the old Woman ; but at last he obtain'd that Favour. When perfect in all the Cant of those People, he began to tell the Occasion of his coming, and bantering her, in Hopes she would invite him in, but all in vain, he was admitted no further, than the Porch, with the House Door just ajarr : At last, my Lord finding no other way, rising up as going away, pretends himself in a Fit,
and

Earl of Rochester.

and falls in at the Door; the Noise brings the young Wife to them, who with much ado perswades her Keeper to help her into the House, in respect to the Decorum of the Sex, and the unhappy Condition she was in: The Door had not been long shut, but by degrees he comes to himself, and being set on a Chair, cants a very Religious Thanksgiving through the Nose for the Humanity of the good old Gentlewoman; and begins to tell how deplorable her hard Fortune was to have such Fits, which often took her in the Street, and so made her liable to many Accidents; but every now and then, as a Relief, took a Sip of the Bottle, and recommended it to the old Woman, who was sure to drink a hearty Dram; and when offer'd the young Lass, she would stop the Bottle, and say it was nought for young People, and the like; but it was more to save a larger share to her self.

My Lord had another Bottle qualify'd with a little *Opium*, which would sooner

The Life of the

accomplish his Desires, and lay the Dragon asleep. The next time he drank off the the former Bottle, and gave the Beldam the somniferous Liquor, which drinking with Greediness enough, she fell fast asleep. My Lord now fir'd with the Presence of the lovely Creature, which he had made so near Approaches to, was full of eager Desires, which made him often change Colours, and which made her imagine some return of his Fits, and asking the Question, my Lord reply'd, That if she would be so charitable to let him lye down on the Bed, he should soon recover; the good-natur'd Creature shew'd him the way, and being laid down, and staying by him, at his Request, he put her in mind of her Condition, asking about her Husband, whom the young Woman painted in his true Colours, both up, and a Bed, supposing she had only a Woman with her. By her Story, he found that a little Love would not be disagreeable, Opportunity, Revenge, and various Pleasures concurring. As soon as she had laid her self down by
my

Earl of Rochester.

my Lord, pleas'd with his Conversation, his Lordship began to kiss her, embrace her, and to proceed farther. She was wonderfully surpriz'd at such Addresses from a Woman, but was soon made sensible by his Lordship, that he did not provoke without a Power of appeasing. In short, Madam, his Lordship was as happy as he could desire, and as long as he durst stay for fear of the Husband's Return, and the Keeper's awaking.

But *Phillis* was unwilling to part with him, and resolv'd to escape from her Prison, where she had neither Pleasure nor Ease, to one where she promis'd her self abundance of both. My Lord was glad of the Opportunity, by which he not only gratify'd himself, but his Friend, my Lord Duke likewise. However, she took care of some Money, having long since resolv'd on a Flight, and being acquainted with the old Gentleman's Hoards, supply'd her self with 150 Broad Pieces, and march'd off with my Lord to the Inn, about Mid-night. They were to pass over

The Life of the

three or four Fields before they reach'd it, and in the last they were very near falling into the Enemy's Hands, had he not call'd aloud to him that carry'd the Lanthorn ; his Voice discovering him, our Adventurers struck down the Field out of the Path, and to be the more secure, lay down in the Grass. The Place, the Occasion, and the Person that was so near, put his Lordship in Mind of renewing his Pleasure, in sight of his Cuckold. The Nymph was no longer nice, and easily comply'd with any of his Desires. But not to detain your Grace any longer with this Story, he had the Damself Home, convey'd her up Stairs to my Lord Duke's Bed, and there having laid her, retir'd, with a Promise of returning as soon as he could change his Cloaths, look after the Family, and the like.

But he having had his Ends already, sent up my Lord Duke in his place, whom the ignorant and passive Nymph bore with equal satisfaction. The Husband coming Home, finds his Doors open, his Sister asleep,

Earl of Rochester.

asleep, his Wife fled, and his Money gone: After raving like a Mad-man, he hang'd himself. This News was soon spread about the Neighbour-hood, and reach'd the Inn: Where both Lovers now, as weary of their Purchase, as desirous of it before, adding to her Stock as much more, advise her to retire to *London*; and there this Disgrace not being known, she might get another Husband, and that they intended soon to be there themselves. She follow'd their Advice; and so this Adventure ended. His Majesty soon after coming that way, found them both in their Posts, and took them into Favour, and with him to *New-Market*.

His Amours at Court are too well known to your Grace, to need my repeating of them. Besides, they are mingl'd too much with the Reputation of Ladies of Quality, to revive them. I cannot omit that Affair, which my Lord had with the fine Miss *R---ts*, Mistress to the King, whom she left, and refus'd for the Possession of my Lord's Person, and Heart, as
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The Life of the

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The Life of the

she imagin'd: But he was soon cloy'd with the Enjoyment of any one Woman, tho' the fairest in the World, and forsook her. The Lady, after the first Indignation of her Passion was over, grew as indifferent, and consider'd how she should retrieve the King's Heart; the Occasion was luckily given her one Morning, while at her Window she was Dressing, she saw the King coming by; she made haste down with her Hair about her Ears, and threw her self at his Feet, implor'd his Pardon, and vow'd Constancy for the future. The good King, vanquish'd with the Sight, took her up, and protested no Man could see her and not Love, waited on her up to her Lodging, and there completed the Reconciliation.

The Story of his Lordship's turning Mountebank, is in every Body's Mouth, and therefore would be superfluous to mention here. And now, judging my Discourse swell'd to a larger Bulk than I design'd it; having given your Grace a Specimen of his Humour in the pursuit of
odd

Earl of Rochester.

odd Adventures, I shall draw to a Conclusion.

The continual Course of Drinking, and a perpetual Expence of Spirits in Love and Writing, had broke his Constitution, and brought him into a Consumption, of which after a lingering Sicknefs, he died at the Lodge in *Woodstock* Park, on the 26th of *July*, at Two in the Morning, without any Pangs at all, Nature being spent, and all the Food of Life quite gone, in the 33d Year of his Age.

As for his Repentance, and those Arguments produc'd by Dr. *Burnet*, I am apt to depend on his Veracity, notwithstanding some Reports to the contrary, tho' asserted with the Boldness which only belongs to Truth. For my Lord was a Master of too much Reason to be an Atheist, or when he came calmly to consider, not to be a Christian, which must necessarily lead him to that Repentance the Doctor assures us of.

It may be here expected, that I should give a Character of his Lordship's Writings,
his

The Life of the

his Genius, his Temper, and the like, but the first are so well defended already, that there is nothing left for me to add, and it is so difficult a Matter to paint the latter, that I am afraid to attempt it. However, since it seems the Duty of this Task I have undertaken, I shall venture to add a few Words on both.

He had a Strength of Expression, and a Happiness of Thought peculiar to himself, and seems to me, of all the Moderns, to have come nearest the Ancients, in Satire, scarce excepting our *Boileau*; for tho' he be very correct, and has spar'd no Pains to dress the Satire of *Horace* in good *French*, yet it smells too much of the Lamp. Whereas when any Thought of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Persius*, or *Boileau*, falls in my Lord's Verses, it is plainly his Lordship's, without any Marks of borrowing it from any other, the Spirit and Easiness of the whole, being of a piece. His looser Songs, and Pieces, too obscene for the Ladies Eyes, have their peculiar Beauties, and are indeed too dangerous to peruse; for what
would

Earl of Rochester.

would have render'd them nauseous, if they had been writ by a Genius less powerful, in him alarms the Fancy, and rouses the Blood and Appetite more, than all the Medicaments of *Cleopatra*. There are two Books in *Latin* that seem to be wrote with my Lord's Spirit, the Fragment of *Petronius*, and *Murcius* a Modern, where the Beauty of the Expression, and the Strength of the Spirit and Fancy, have given a sort of Merit to Lewdness, which no other Writers could ever obtain.

As for his Lordship's Temper, it was various, as he was more or less inspir'd with Wine. He was an excellent Mimick, and in all his frolicksome Disguises, he so truly personated the Thing he would seem, that his most intimate Acquaintance could not discover the Imposture. The Pleasure he gave in his Conversation, was a Snare to him, for his Mirth encreasing with his Liquor, many Persons of Quality of his Friends, promoted the Glass to his Detriment, for their own Satisfaction. It is certain, that in his own natural Temper, that

The Life of the

is, when he was himself, he was a good-natur'd Man, and had not that Allay of Malice, which in many things he discover'd, when his natural Temper was perverted by a Debauch. He had a particular Pique to *Dryden*, after his mighty Success in the Town, either because he was sensible, that he deserv'd not that Applause for his Tragedies, which the mad unthinking Audience gave them; (which Corruptness of Taste, was afterwards something corrected by the Duke of *Buckingham's* *Re-bearfal*) or whether it was out of Indignation of having any Rival in Reputation, either as a Poet in general, or a Satirist in particular: Satire, indeed, being one of the chief Excellencies of *Dryden*, as well as of my Lord *Rochester*. The Effect of this was discover'd by his Lordship's setting up *Crown* in Opposition to *Dryden*; he recommended him to the King, ordering him to make a Masque for the Court, when it was the Business of the Poet Laureat. But when *Crown's* *Hierusalem* had met with as wild, and unaccountable Success, as the *Alman-*

zors,

Earl of Rochester.

zors, his Lordship withdrew his Favours, as if he would be still in Contradiction to the Town, and in that, perhaps, he was generally in the right; for of all Audiences in polite Nations, perhaps there is not one, that judges so very falsely of the *Drama*, unless it be the *Spaniards*, which seem to have much the same wild injudicious Taste, as the incomparable *Cervantes* has shown in his *Don Quixot*. He was generally fickle in his Amours, and made no great Scruple of his Oaths of Fidelity. Sir *George Etherege* wrote *Dorimant* in Sir *Fopling*, in Compliment to him, as drawing his Lordship's Character, and burnishing all the Foibles of it, to make them shine like Perfections. In short, he was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and would spare nothing that would shew and increase the first, and promote the last.

Thus, Madam, I have comply'd with your Grace's Desire, and if I have not given you diverting Relations enough of his Lordship, you must impute it to the Limits of a Letter, to which I was confin'd;

The Life, &c.

fin'd; but I am ready at any time to
write all I know, or that can conveniently
be convey'd to your Grace's View.

I am,

MADAM,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

St. Evremont.



8

E

Miscellaneous WORKS:
Written by the Right Honourable,
JOHN Late EARL
OF
ROCHESTER.

Printed from the Original M. S.

An Addition to the Satyr against
M A N.

ALL this with Indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud
(World,

Who, swoll'n with selfish Vanity devise
False Freedomes, holy Cheats, and formal lyes
Over their fellow Slaves to Tyrannize.

B b

But

2 *By the E. of ROCHESTER.*

But if in Court so just a Man there be,
(In Court a just Man, yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful Flattery direct
Not to oppose and Ruine, but protect ;
Since Flattery, which way soever lay'd,
Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade ;
If so upright a States-man yon can find
Whose Passions bend to his unbiass'd Mind,
Who does his Arts and Policies apply
To raise his Country, not his Family ;
Nor, while his Pride, known Avarice with-
(stands
Receives close Bribes through Friends corru-
(pted hands.

Is there a Churchman who on God relies?
Whose Life and Faith his Doctrine Justifies?
Not one blown up with vain prelatick Pride,
Who, for Reproof of Sins does Man deride:
VWhose



Miscellaneous WORKS, 3

Whose envious Heart, makes preaching a
● (pretence, }

With his obstreperous saucy Eloquence }

To chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Sense; }

Who from his Pulpit vents more peevish Lyes

More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,

Then at a Gossipping are thrown about

When the good Wives get Drunk, and then ●
(fall out.

None of the sensual Tribe, whose Talents lie

In Avarice, Pride, Sloath and Gluttony ;

Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good
(Lives, }

Whose Lust exalted to that height arives, }

They act Adultery with their own Wives: }

And e'er a score of Years compleated be, }

Can from the lofty Pulpit proudly see }

Half a large Parish their own Progeny. }

4 By the E. of ROCHESTER.

Nor doating *Bishop*, who would be ador'd
For Domineering at the Council Board ;
A greater Fop in Business at Fourscore,
Fonder of serious Toys, affected more
Then the gay glittering Fool at Twenty proves
With all his Noise, his Tawdry Cloaths and
(Loves.
But a meek humble Man, of honest Sense,
Who, Preaching Peace, does practice Conti-
(nence ;
Whose pious Life's a Proof he does believe
Mysterious Truths, which no Man can conceive.
If upon Earth there dwell such Godly Men,
I'll here recant my Paradox to them ;
Adore those Shrines of Virtue, Homage pay,
And with the Rabble World their Laws obey :
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from Man, then Man from
(Beast.
On

ON THE
CHARMS of
HIDDEN TREASURE.

A
PARADOX.

THou mighty Princess lovely Queen of *Holl*
 Whose Monarchy the Bravest Men
 (Controuls,
 Shut up in Awful and Majestick State
 How Dost thou make thy Poor adorers wait ;
 Reserv'd as *Prester John* and seldom seen
 As the most shily kept *Sultana* Queen ;
 Thou Crown of *Sense* nay more superlative
 Thou very Quintessence of all the *Five*,

6 *By the E. of* ROCHESTER.

No *Civet Cat* had ever such a smell
Thy Essence does all other sweets excell,
How is our Relish by thy Taste Encreast
When this one Bit is more then a Whole Feast,
Beauty of Beauties, darling of the Eye;
The Face is but a Mark to hit thee by,
Thou art the spot of *Cupid's* Archery,
Whether your Ornamental Locks you wear,
Or go like *Eastern* Beauties smooth and Bare;
Whether full grown the manly ^{beard} Bread appears,
Or Virgin Lips Show fewer Hairs than Years,
Yet all true Beauty Shmes, as on a Throne?
In her full Splendor from thy sight alone,
To please thy Friends, and to Confute thy Foes,
Thou hast a Mouth beyond fam'd *Cicero's*,
A Mouth whose silent Rhetorick affords;
More Strong Perswasives then a *Tully's* words,

'Twas

Miscellaneous W O R K S, 7

'Twas such a Mouth did *Paris* more Convince,
Than *Juno's* Power or *Pallas's* Eloquence.

'Twas such a Mouth *Achilles* did Perswade,
And *Hercules* to Live in Masquerade,
Which all the force of Arms cou'd nere have
made.

'Twas such a Mouth taught *Anthony* to scorn
The Glorious name to which that Prince was
(born,

To such perswasions mighty *Julius* gave,
That Crown th' *Egyptain* army cou'd not save,
And of a Conqueror became a Slave.

Still there Remains one sense which we may
(call,

One that is all the Rest, is more than all,
Who can describe thy more than pleasing touch,
That, is a mighty task, for me too much ?

Who

8 *By the E. of* ROCHESTER.

Who scarce am known to her, of whom I write,

And had but once the honour of her sight.

None can her charming Vertues duly tell,

But he who comes inspir'd from her own well,

Whose Vertues does all *Helicon's* excell.

S O N G.

I.

A T the sight of my Phillis from every part
A Spring Tide of Joy does flow up to my
Which quickens each Pulse, and swells e'ry
Yet all my Delights are still mingl'd with Pain;
So strange a Distemper sure Love cannot bring,
To my knowledge Love was a quieter thing,

Miscellaneous WORKS, 9

*So gentle and tame that he never was known
So much as to wake me when I lay alone.*

II.

*But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of
(late,
He's become a more furious Passion than hate ;
Since by Phillis restor'd to the Empire of Hearts,
He has new strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts ;
And strictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain
He wounds every Heart, and turns every Brain.*

III.

*But my Madness alas ! I too plainly discover,
For he is at least as much Madman as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty does easily quit
All the Nymph's of the Stage, and those of the Pit,
The Joys of Hyde-Park, and the Mall's dear delight
To Live Sober all Day, and Chaste all the Night.*

On

On the WOMEN *about Town.*

TOO long the Wise Commons have been
 (in Debate,
 'Bout Money and Conscience, those trifles of
 (State,
 Whilst dangerous Grievances daily increase ;
 The Subject can't Riot in Safety and Peace,
 Unless as against *Irish* Cattel before (Whore
 They should now make an Act against *Irish*
 The Coot's black and white, *Clanbrazil* and *Fox* ,
 Invade us with Impudence, Beauty, and Pox ,
 They carry a Fate, which none can oppose,
 The loss of his Heart, or the fall of his Nose,
 Should we dully resist, yet would each take
 (upon her
 To beseech us to do't, and engage us in Honour
 Oh !

Miscellaneous WORKS, II

Oh! ye Powers above, who of Mortals take care
Make *Women* less Cruel, more Sound, or less
(Fair,
Is it just Cruel Fate, with Love should conspire
And our T—^{ongue} be burnt by our Hearts taking
(Fire:

S O N G.

I.

ROOM, Room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes delight in Roaring
Who all Day long Rambles up and down,
And at Night in the Street lie's Snoring.

II.

That for the noble Name of Spark
Does his Companions Rally;
Commits an Outrage in the Dark,
Then slinks into an Alley.

To

12 *By the E. of ROCHESTER.*

III.

*To every Female that he meets
He Swears he bears Affection,
Defies all Laws, Arrests and Cheats,
By the help of a kind Protection.*

IV.

*Then he intending further Wrongs,
By some Resenting Cully,
Is decently run through the Lungs.
And there's an End of BULLY.*

*An Answer to the Defence of Satyr
Written by Sir C. Scroop.*

TO Rack and Torture thy unmeaning
In Satyr's praise, to a Law untun'd strain,
In Thee, was most Impertinent and Vain.
When

(Brain }
{

When in thy Person, we most plainly see
That Satyr's of Divine Authority;
For God made one of Man, when he made
(Thee.)

"To shew there are some Men, as there are
(Apes,

"Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in
(Shapes;

In thee are all those contradictions joyn'd,

That make an Ass prodigious and refin'd.

A Lump deform'd, and shapeless wert thou Born

Begot in Love's Dispite, and Nature's Scorn,

And art grown up the most ingrateful wight,

Harsh to the Ear, and Hidious to the Sight;

Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.

Curse on that silly hour, that first Inspir'd,

Thy Madness to pretend to be Admir'd,

To paint thy Grizly Face, to Dance, to Dress,

And all those awkward Follies that express

Thy loathsom Love, and filthy Daintiness.
Who

14 *By the E. of* ROCHESTER.

Who needs will be an ugly Beau *Garçon*,
Spit at and shun'd, by every Girl in Town;
Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow thou art
(plac'd
To fright the tender Flock that long to Taste:
While every coming Maid, when you appear
Starts back for Shame, and straight turns Chast
(for Fear;
For none so poor a Prostitute have prov'd,
Where you made Love, t'endure to be belov'd.
'Twere Labour lost, or else I would advise;
But thy *Half* Wit will ne'er let thee be Wise:
Half Witty, and *Half* Mad, and scarce *Half* Brave
Half Honest, which is very much a Knave;
Made up of all these Halves, thou can'st not
(pass
For any thing entire, but for an Ass.

The Imperfect ENJOYMENT.

F*Ruption*, was the Question in Debate
Which like so hot a Casuist I State,
That she my freedom urg'd as my Offence
To teach my Reason to subdue my Sense,
But yet this Angry Cloud that did proclaim
Volley's of Thunder, melted into Rain ;
And this Adulterate Stamp of being nice
Made feigned Vertue but a Bawd to Vice,
For by a Complement that's seldom known
She thrusts me out, and yet invites me Home ;
And these Denials but advance Delight
As Prohibition sharpens Appetite ;
For the kind Curtain rais'd my Esteem
To wonder at the opening of the Scene
When of her Breast, her Hands the Guardians
Yet I salute each sullen Officer, (were
Tho'

16 *By the E. of ROCHESTER.*

Tho' like the Flaming Sword before my Eyes
They block the passage of my Paradise;
Nor cou'd those Guardian hands so Guard the
(Coyne
But Love where't cannot purchase may purloin
For tho' her Breasts are hid, her Lips are prize
To make me rich beyond my Avarice;
Yet my Ambition my Affection fed
To conquer both the white Rose, and the Red.
Th' event prov'd true, for on the Bed she sat
And seem'd to Court, what she had seem'd to
(Hate;
Heat of Resistance had increas'd her Fire,
And weak Defence, is turn'd to strong Desire,
What unkind Influence cou'd interpose,
Where two such Stars did in Conjunction close?
Only too hasty Zeal my Hopes did spoil
Pressing to feed her Lamp, I spent my Oil,

And

Miscellaneous WORKS, 17

And that which most Reproach upon me hurl'd
Was Dead to her, gives Life to all the World
Nature's chief Prop, and Motion's primeft
(Source

In me lost both their Vigour and their Force.

Sad Conquest, when it is the Victor's Fate
It did not sit the hand of the suffering gates
Like prudent Corporations had we laid
A Common Stock by, we'd improv'd our
(Trade;

But as a Prodigal Heir, I spent by th' by

What Home directed, would serve her and I,

When next in such Assaults I chance to be

Give me more Vigour, less Activity,

For Love turns impotent, when strain'd too
(high

This very Cordial makes him sooner Die

Evaporates in Flame, the Fire so great

Love's Chymistry thrives best with equal heat.

18 *By the E. of* ROCHESTER.

Horace's 10th *Satyr of the First*
Book Imitated.

Nempe incompósito Dixi Pede, &c.

WELL Sir, 'tis granted I said DRYDEN'S
(Rhymes

Were stoll'n, unequal, nay dull many times :

What foolish Patron is there found of his,

So blindly partial to deny me this?

But that his Plays, imbroider'd up and down }

With Wit and Learning, justly please the
(Town, }

In the same paper I as freely own.

Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Masse

That stuffs up his loose Volumes, must not pass ;

For, by that Rule, I might as well admit

CROWN'd tedious Scenes for Poetry and Wit.

'Tis therefore not enough, when your false
(Sense

Hits the false Judgment of an Audience

Of

Miscellaneous WORKS, 19

Of clapping Fools assembling, a vast crowd,
Till the throng'd Play-House crack with the
(dull Load;
Tho' ev'n that Talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the Rabble and the Court;
Which blundering *SETTLE* never could attain
And puz'ling *OTWAR* labours at in vain
But within due proportion circumscribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing Tide
The stile may rise, yet in its rise forbear
With useless words t' oppress the weary'd Ear
Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite;
For Elegance sake, sometimes allay the force
Of Epithet, 'twill soften the Discourse.
A Jest in scorn points out and hits the thing
More home then the morosest Satyrs sting.

20 *By the E. of* ROCHESTER.

SHAKESPEAR and JOHNSON did in this excell,
And might herein be imitated well ;

Whom refin'd E THERIDGE copies not at all,
But is himself a meer Original

Nor that slow Drudge in swift Pindarick }
(strains,
FLATMAN, who COWLEY imitates with }
(pains
And Rides a Jaded Muse, whipt, with loose }
(Reins.)

When LEE makes temperate SCIPIO fret and
(rave,

And HANNIBAL a whining amorous Slave,

I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool

In BUSBY'S hands, to be well lash'd at School.

Of all our Modern Wits, none seem to me
Once to have toucht upon true *COMEDY*,
But haſty SHADWELL, and flow WYCHERLEY

SHAD-

Miscellaneous WORKS, - 21

SHADWELL'S Unfinisht Works, do yet impart
Great proofs of Force of Nature, none of
(Art ;

With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,
Shewing great Mastery, with little Care ;
Scorning to varnish his good touches o're
To make the Fools, and Women praise him
(more.

BUT WYCHERLEY earns hard what er'e he gains ;
He wants no Judgment, and he spares, no pains :
He frequently excels ; and at the least,
Makes fewer faults then any of the rest.

WALLER, by Nature for the Bays design'd, }
With Force, and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd, }
In Panegyrick does excell Mankind : . }

He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
To praise Great Conquerors, and flatter Kings.

22 *By the E. of* ROCHESTER.

For pointed Satyr I would BUCKHURST choofe,
The best good man with the worst natur'd
Muse.

For Songs, and Verses mannerly Obscene,
That can stir Nature up by Springs unseen,
And, without forcing blushes, warm the
Queen;

SIDLEY has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can with a resistless power impart
The Loofest Wishes to the chastest Heart,
Raife such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
Betwixt declining Virtue, and Desire:
Till the poor vanquisht Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night: in Sighs and Fears all
(day.

DRYDEN in vain try'd this nice way of Wit,
For he to be a tearing Blade thought fit;
But when he would be sharp, he still was blunt,
To frisk and frolick Fancy he'd cry C. . t
Wou'd

Wou'd give the Ladys a dry bawdy Bob :
And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
His Excellencies, more then Faults abound ;
Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
The Laurell, which he best deserves to wear.
But does not DRYDEN find ev'n JOHNSON dull ?
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, incorrect, and full ?
Of LEWD LINES as he calls 'em ? SHAKESPEAR'S
(Stile
Stiff, and affected ? to his own the while
Allowing all the Justice that his Pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd ?
And may not I have leave Impartially
To search and Censure DRYDEN'S Works, and
(try
If those gross faults his choice pen doth com-
(mit
Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit ?
Or

24 *By the E. of ROCHESTER.*

Or if his lumpish Fancy doth refuse.

Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern Muse?

Five hundred Verses every Morning writ,

Prove him no more a Poet, then a Wit :

Such Scribling Authors have been seen before }

MUSTAPHA, the ISLAND PRINCESS, ^{(more}Forty }

Were things perhaps compos'd in half an ^{(hour}an }

To write what may securely stand the Test

Of being well read over thrice at least,

Compare each phrase, examine every Line,

Weigh every word, and every thought refine,

Scorn all applause the vile Rout can bestow,

And be content to please those few who know.

Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,

To wish thy works might make a ^{(ring}Playhouse

With the unthinking Laughter, and poor praise

Of Fops, and Ladys, Factious for thy Plays?

Then

Miscellaneous WORKS, 25

Then send a cunning Friend, to learn thy Doom
From the shrewd Judges in the drawing Room.

J've no Ambition on that idle Score,

But say with BETTY MORRIS heretofore,

When a Court Lady call'd her BUCKHURSTS

(Whore :)

I please one man of Wit, am proud on't too;

Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.

Should I be troubled, when the PURBLIND

(KNIGHT,

Who squints more in his Judgment, then,

(his Sight?)

Picks silly Faults, and Censures what I write

Or when the poor fed Poets of the Town

For Scraps and Coach-room, cry my Verses

(down?)

I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me

If SIDLEY SHADWELL SHEPPARD, WYCHERLEY

GODOLPHIN, BUTLER, BUCKHURST, BUCK

(INGHAM)

And some few more whom I omit to Name

Approve my Sense I count their Censure Fame

A PANE-

26 *By the E of* ROCHESTER.

A Panegyrick on NELLY.

O F a great Heroin, I mean to tell
And by what just degrees her Title ^{(fwell} }
To Mrs. *Nelly*, grown from *Cinder Nell*.

Much did she suffer, first on Bulk and Stage,
From the Black-guard, and Bullies of the Age

Much more her growing Virtue did sustain
While dear *Charles Hart*, and *Buckhurst* ^{(in vain} su'd

In vain they su'd; curs'd be the envious Tongue

That her undoubted Chastity wou'd wrong;

For shou'd we Fame believe, we then might say

That thousands lay with her as well as they :

But, Fame thou Ly'st; for her Prophetick Mind

Forefaw her Greatness, Fate had well design'd

And her Ambition chose to be, before

A Virtuous Countess, an Imperial VVhore.

Ev'n

Miscellaneous WORKS, 27

Ev'n in her Native dirt, her Soul was high,
And did at Crowns, and shining Monarchs fly;
Ev'n while she Cinders rak'd, her swelling Breast
With thoughts of Glorious Whoredom ^{(possest :} was
Still did she Dream (nor cou'd her Birth with-
^{(stand}
Of dangling Scepters in her dirty Hand.

But first the Basket her fair Arm did sute,
Laden with Pippins, and Hesperian Fruit :

This first step rais'd, to th' wond'ring Pit she ^{(Sold}
The Lovely Fruit, smiling with streaks of Gold.
Fate now for her, did its whole force engage,
And from the Pit she's mounted to the Stage;
There in full Lustre, did her Glories shine,

And, long eclips'd, spread forth their Light ^{(Divine}
There HART'S and ROWLEY'S Soul she did ^{(insnare}
And made a King the Rival to a Player
The

28 *By the E. of ROCHESTER,*

The King o'r-comes, and to the Royal Bed
The Dunghill Off-spring is in Triumph led:
Nor let the envious, her first Rags object
To her, that's now in tawdry Gayness deck'd;
Her Merit does from this much greater shew,
Mounting so high, that took her rise so low.

Less Fam'd that *NELLY* was, whose Cuckold's ^{(rage,}
In ten Years VVars did half the VWorld ingage,
She's now the darling Strumpet of the Crowd,
Forgets her State, and talks to them aloud,
Lays by her Greatness, and descends to prate
VWith those, 'bove whom she's rais'd by won- ^{(drous Fate:}
True to th' Protestant Interest and Cause,
True to th' Establish'd Government and Laws;
The choice delight of the whole *Mobile*,
Scarce *Monmouth's* self is more belov'd than she.
Was this the cause that did their Quarrel move,
That both are Rivals in the Peoples Love?
No,

No, 'twas her matchless Loyalty alone
That bid Prince *PARKIN* pack up, and begone,
Ill-bred thou art, says Prince. *Nell* does reply,
Was Mrs. *Barlow* better Bred, than I?

Thus sneak'd away the Nephew, overcome,
By 'is Aunt in Law's severer *Wit* struck Dumb.

Her Virtue, Loyalty, Wit, and noble Mind,
In the foregoing Dogrel you may find.

Now for her Piety one touch, and then
To *RYMER* I'll resign my Muse and Pen:

'Twas this that rais'd her Charity so high

To visit those that did in Durance lie;

From *Oxford* Prisons many did she free,

There dy'd her Father, and there glory'd she, }

In giving others Life and Liberty. }

So pious a Remembrance still she bore,

Ev'n to the Fetters that her Father wore.

Nor was her Mother's Funeral less her Care,

No

30 *By the E. of* ROCHESTER.

No cost, no Velvet did the Daughter spare :

Fine gilded Schutcheons did the Herse enrich,

To celebrate this Martyr of the Ditch ;

Burnt Brandy did in flaming Brimmers flow,

Drunk at her Funeral ; while ^{(pleas'd Shade} her well-

Rejoyc'd ev'n in the sober Fields below

At all the Drunkenness her Death had made.

Was ever Child with such a Mother blest ?

Or ever Mother such a Child possess ?

Nor must her Cousin be forgot ; prefer'd

From many years Command in the Black-guard

To be an Ensign : —————

Whose Tatter'd Colours well do represent

His first Estate i'th Ragged Regiment

Thus we in short have all the Virtues seen

Of the incomparable Madam GUYN :

Nor wonder others are not with her shown ;

She who no equal has, must be alone.

On

On a False Mistress.

Farewell false Woman know I'll ever be
A dumb Man to thy Sex and dead to Thee
Thy Breath's infectious and thy presence ^{(brings}
To me a thousand sharp and bitter Stings
Ye Powers above? why did you Woman make
Without an Angel and within a Snake
They're Hells chief Engine by the Devil made
To heighten and enlarge his growing Trade
The only Fiend on Earth the Devil's Friend,
A thousand Souls to Hell they daily send.
Methinks I hear the Gods cry out aloud

^{(Cloud}
And these their words came reeling through a
*Beware false Woman, know she first began
To Ruin and Undo the State of Man.*

Yet for Revenge I'll now resolve to be
A damn'd dissembling Lover just like Thee

But

32 *By the E. of* ROCHESTER.

But all my Business with so vile a Creature
Shall be as Men with Close stooles to ease ^{(Nature}
Blest is the Man and happy is his state
That loves a Woman at no other rate.

To His MISTRESS.

I.

WHy do'st thou shade thy lovely face? ^{(O why}
Does that Eclipsing hand of thine deny
The Sun-shine of the Suns enlivening Eye. }

II.

Without thy light, what light remains in me
Thou art my Life, my way my Light's in ^{(Thee,}
I Live I move and by thy beams I see. }

III.

Thou art my Life, if thou but turn away
My Life's a thousand Deaths, thou art my way
Without Thee (*Love*) I travel not but Stray. }
My

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 33

IV.

My Light thou art, without thy Glorious
My Eyes are Darkned with Eternal night ^(fights)
My Love Thou art my way, my Life my light.

V.

Thou art my way I wander if thou fly
Thou art my Light, if hid how blind am I
Thou art my Life if thou withdraw'st I Die.

VI.

My Eyes are dark and blind I cannot see
To whom or whether should my darkness flee
But to that Light, and who's that Light but ^(Thee.)

VII.

If that be all Shine forth and draw thou
Let me be bold and Dye for my desire ^(nigher)
A *Phoenix* likes to Perish in the Fire.

VIII.

If my Puft Life be out give leave to ^{join}
My Shameless Snuff at the bright Lamp of ^(thine)
Ah! what's thy Light the less for Lighting ^(mine.)

IX.

If I have lost my Path dear Lover say
 Shall I still wander in a Doubtful way
 Love shall a Lamb of *Israel's* Sheepfold Stray.

X.

My Path is lost my wandering Steps does
 I cannot go nor safely Stay
 Whom should I seek but Thee my Path my

(Stray)

(Way.)

XI.

And yet thou turn'st thy Face a way and
 And yet I sue for Grace and thou deniest me
 Speak art thou angry, Love or tryest me.

(flyest me)

XII.

Display those Heavenly Lamps, or tell me
 Thou Shad'st my Face perhaps no Eye
 Can View their Flames and not drop down

(why)

(and Die.)

XIII.

Thou art the Pilgrims Path and Blind-Mans
 The Dead Mans Life on Thee my hopes rely
 If I but them remove I e'er I Die.

(Eye)

Dis-

XIV.

Disolve thy Sun-Beams close thy Wings and
See See how I am blind and Dead and Stray } ^(Stay)
Oh thou that art my Life my Light my way. }

XV.

Then work my will if Passion bid me flee
My Reason shall obey my Wings shall be
Stretched out no further then from me to thee. }

Tunbridge Wells,

A S A T Y R.

A T five this Morn, when *Phæbus* rais'd
From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from } ^{(his Head,}
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters, } ^{(Bed;}
The Rendezvouze of Fools, Buffoons and } ^{(Praters}
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives } ^{(and Daughters.}
D 2 My

36 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

My squeamish Stomach, I with Wine had brib'd
 To undertake the Dose that was prescrib'd ;
 But turning head, a sudden curst Grew,
 That innocent Provision overthrew,
 And without drinking, made me Purge and ^{(Spew ;}
 From Coach and six, a thing unweildy Roll'd,
 Whom Lumber-cart more decently would hold
 As wise as Calf it look't, as big as Bully,
 But handled, prov'd a meer *Sr. Nicholas Cully*;
 A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and yet,
 He dar'd to censure, to be thought a Wit.
 To make him more ridiculous in spite
 Nature contriv'd the Fool shou'd be a Knight,
 How wise is Nature, when she does dispence
 A large Estate to cover want of Sense.
 The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no
 For he's a mighty Wit, with those that flatter ^{(matter}
 But a poor Block-head is a wretched Crea- ^{(ture.}

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 37

“ Grant the unlucky Stars, this o’er grown Boy

“ To purchase some aspiring pretty Toy,

“ That may his want of Sense and Wit supply

“ As buxom Crab-fish doth his Lechery ;

Tho’ he alone, was dismal sight enough, }

His Train contributed to set him off, }

All of his shape, all of the self same stuff. }

No Spleen or Malice could on them be thrown

Nature had done the business of Lampoon, }

And in their Looks their Characters were
shown, }

Endeavouring this Irksome sight to baulk, }

And a more Irksome noise their silly Talk ; }

I silently slunk down to th’ lower Walk,

But often when one wou’d *Charibdis* shun

Down upon *Scylla* ’tis our Fate to run ;

38 *Miscellaneous WORKS.*

For there it was my curfed luck to find,
 As great a Fop, tho' of another kind.
 A tall stiff Fool, that walk't in Spanish Guife
 The Buckram Poppet never stir'd his Eyes
 But grave as Owl he look't as Woodcock wife.
 He fcorns the empty Talk of this mad Age,
 And fpeaks all Proverb, Sentence and Adage;
 Can with as much solemnity buy Eggs,
 As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
 Master of Ceremonies, yet can't difpenfe,
 With the formality of talking Senfe.
 From hence unto the Upper Walk I came,
 Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
 A Tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
 Fit Company for none befide themfelves:
 Were got together, each his Diftemper told,
 Scurvy, Stone, Stranguary; fome were fo bold,

To

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 39

To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
And on that Wise Disease lay Infamy.
But none had Modesty enough t' explain
Their want of Learning, Honesty, or Brain }
The general Diseases of that Train. }
These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
And saucily pretend Commissions given :
But shou'd an Indian King, whose small Com-^{(mand}
Seldom extends beyond ten Miles of Land ;
Send forth such wretched fools on an Ambassage
He'd find but small effects of such a Message.
List'ning I found the Cob of all this Rabble,
Pert † Bayes with his Importance comfortable
He being rais'd to an Arch-Deaconry,
By trampling on Religion, Liberty ;
Was grown so great, and lookt too Fat and
To be disturb'd with Care and Melancholy, }^{(Jolly}
Tho' Marvel had enough expos'd his Folly. }

† PARKER.

40 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

He Drank to carry off some old Remains,

His Lazy dull Distemper left in's Brains;

Let him Drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood }
Can give sufficient sweetness to his Blood, }
To make his Nature or his Manners good.

" Importance drank too, tho' she had been no ^{(Sinner}

" To wash away some Dreggs he had spew'd ^{(in her;}

Next after these, a fulsom *Irish* Crew,

Of silly Macks were offer'd to my View;

The things did talk, but hearing what they ^{(said,}

I hid my self the Kindness to evade.

Nature had plac'd these wretches beneath scorn

They can't be call'd so vile as they are Born.

Amidst the crowd, next I my self convey'd

For now there comes, White-wash and Paint ^{(being laid}

Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid, ^{(display'd}

And Squire with Wigg, and Pantaloon's

But ne'er cou'd Conventicle, Play; or Fair,

For a true Medly, with this Herd compare.

Here

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 41

Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Coun-^{(tresses,}
Chandlers and Barren Women, Sempstresses,
Were mixt together, nor did they agree,
More in their Humours then their Quality.
Here waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood
Leaning on Cane, and muffled up in Hood:
The wou'd be Wits, whose Business was to woe,
With Hat remov'd, and solemn scrape of Shoe,
Advanceth bowing, then Gentilely Shruggs,
And Ruff'd Fore-top into order Tuggs;
And thus accosts her, Madam methinks the ^{(Weather}
Is grown much more Serene, since you came ^{(hither;}
You influence the Heavens, but shou'd the ^{(Sun}
Withdraw himself to see his Rays out done;
By your bright Eyes, they could supply the ^{(Morn,}
And make a Day, before the day be born.
With Mouth screw'd up, conceited winking ^{(Eyes,}
And Breast thrust forwards, Lord Sir she replies:

“ It

It is your Goodness, and not my Deserts,
 Which makes you show this Learning, Wit,
 He puzzled bites his Nails, both to display
 The sparkling Ring, and think what next to
 And thus breaks forth afresh, Madam I Gad,
 Your luck at Cards last Night was very bad,
 At Cribbage Fifty nine, and the next show,
 To make the Game, and yet to want those two
 G—D—me Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
 If in my Life I saw the like before.

To Pedlars Stall he draggs her, and her Breast,
 With Hearts and such like Foolish Toys he
 And then more smartly to expound the Riddle
 Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.

Tyr'd with this dismal stuff, away I ran
 Where were two VVives, with Girl just fit
 Short Breath'd, with Pallid Lips, and Visage,

Some

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 43

Some Courtesies past, and the old Compliment
Of being glad to see each other spent,

With Hand in Hand they Lovingly did walk,
And one began thus to renew the Talk.

I pray good Madam, if it main't be thought,
Rudenefs in me, what cause has hither brought,

Your Ladyship? she soon replying smil'd,

We've got a good Estate, but have no ^{(Child;}

And I'm inform'd these Wells will make a Bar- ^{(ren}

Woman, as fruitful as a Cony Warren.

The First return'd, for this cause I am come,

For I can have no Quietness at Home,

My Husband grumbles, tho' we have got one;

This poor Young Girl, and mutters for a Son.

And this is griev'd with Head Ach, Pangs and ^{(Throws,}

Is full sixteen, and never yet had those.

She soon Reply'd, get her a Husband *Madam*;

I marry'd about that Age, and ne'er had had 'em'

VVas just like her, Steel VVaters let alone

A Back

44 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

A Back of Steel will better bring them down.
 And Ten to one, but they themselves will try,
 The same means to increase the Family.
 Poor silly Fribble who by Subtilty
 Of Midwife, truest friend to Lechery;
 Perswaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
 To give thy Wife Occasion to enlarge
 Thy Silly Head, for here walks Cuff and Kick,
 With brawny Back, and Legs, and potent P—
 Who more substantially can cure thy Wife,
 And on her half dead Womb bestow new Life.
 From these the Waters got their Reputation,
 Of good Assistants unto Propagation.
 Somewarlike Men were now got into th' throng
 VVith Hair ty'd back, Singing a Bawdy Song:
 Not much afraid I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my Chance to know the Dreadful ^{(Crew;}
 They were Cadetts that Seldom can appear,
 Damn'd to the Stint of Thirty Pounds a Year;
 With

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 45

VWith Hawk on Fist, and Grey-hound led in ^{(Hand,}

The Dog, and Foot-Boys sometimes to Com- ^{(mand}

And now having trim'd a cast of Spavin'd ^{(Horse}

With Three Half-Pence for Guineas in their ^{(Purse}

Two Rusty Pistolls, Scarfe about their Arse, ^{(swell;}

Coat lin'd with Red, they here presume to

This goes for Captain, that for Colonell :

So the Bear-garden Ape on his Steed mounted,

No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,

And is by virtue of his Trumpery, then

Call'd by the name of the young Gentleman,

Bless me thought I, what thing is Man that ^{(thus}

In all his shapes is so Ridiculous ?

Our selves with noise of Reason we do please,

In vain Humanity is our worst Disease,

Thrice happy Beasts are, who because they be

Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.

Faith

' Faith I was so Asham'd, that with Remorse,
 ' I us'd the insolence to mount my Horse ;
 ' For he Doing only things fit for his Nature,
 ' Did seem to me by much the wiser Creature.

To a LADY who Accus'd him of
Inconstancy.

Madam,

IF you're Deceiv'd, 'tis not by my Cheat,
For all Disguises are below the Great.
What Man or Woman upon Earth can say
I ever us'd 'em well above a Day?
How is it then that I unconstant am
He changes not who always is the same,
In my Dear self I center every thing,
My servants, Friend, my Mistress, and my King
Nay Heaven and Earth to that one Point I bring.
Well-

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 47

Well-manner'd honest Generous and Stout
Names by Dull Fools to Plague Mankind found^(our)
Shou'd I Regard I must my self Constrain,
And, tis my Maxim to avoid all Pain.

You fondly Look for what none e'er cou'd find,
Deceive your self and then call me unkind,
And by false Reasons would my falshood prove,

For 'tis as Natural to Change as Love

You may as justly at the Sun Repine,

Because alike it does not always shine :

No Glorious thing was ever made to stay,

My Blazing Star but Visits and away.

As fatal too it shines as those i'th Skies

'Tis never seen, but some great Lady Dies

The Boasted favour you so Precious hold,

To me's no More than changing of my Gold.

Whate'er you gave, I paid you back in Bliss,

Then where's the Obligation pray of this?

If Heretofore you found Grace in my Eyes,

Be thankful for it, and let that suffice

But

But Women Beggar's like, still haunt the Door,
Where they've Receiv'd a Charity before.

Oh happy *Sultan* ! whom we Barbarous Call,
How much Refin'd art thou above us all !
VVho envies not the joys of thy *Serail*. }

Thee, like some God, the trembling Crowd ^{(adore}
Each Man's thy Slaves, and VVomankind thy ^{(Whore.}
Methinks I see the underneath the Shade,

Of Golden Canopy Supinely laid,

Thy Crowding Slaves, all Silent as the Night,

But at thy Nod all active as the Light !

Secure in solid Sloth thou there dost Reign

And feels't the joys of Love without the Pain.

Each Female Courts thee with a wishing Eye,

VVhile thou with Awful Pride walk'st care- ^{(less by ;}

Till thy kind Pledge at last Marks out the Dame

Thou fancy'st most to quench thy Present ^{(Flame.}

Then

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 49

Then from thy Bed submissive she Retires,
And thankful for the Grace no more Requires.
No loud Reproach nor fond unwelcome sound
Of Women's Tongues thy Sacred Ears does ^{(Wound ;}
If any do, a nimble Mute strait Ties
The True-Love's Knot, and stops Her ^{(Cries :} foolish
Thou fear'st no injur'd Kinsman's threatening ^{(Blade,}
Nor Midnight Abushes by Rivals laid;
While here with aking Hearts our Joys we tast,
Disturb'd by Swords, like *Democles's* Feast.

WOMANS Usurpation.

Woman was made Man's Sovereignty to ^{(Own,}
And he as Monarch, was to rule alone;
She was his Vassal made, to Dread
The Angry Frowns of Man, her Lord ^{(Head.} and
Heaven did to him his Power Delegate,
O'er all the Universe he made him great;
E His

50 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

His Power did the Largest Scepter sway,
 The whole Creation did his Laws Obey.
 No Limits there were set to his Commands,
 Tyger's and Lions lick'd his Sacred Hands,
 And Salvage Monsters gloried in his Bands }
 The Legislative Power was fixt in him
 Just Man, till *Woman* tempted him to sin.
 The Sun no sooner had Began his Course,
 Spreading his Gaudy Beams o'er th' Universe;
 Nature her self was hardly full awake;
 The Planets did their Motion's rarely make:
 The Azure Orb, in which there's finely set,
 The Glitt'ring Stars, Scarce knew their Architect;
 Air, Water, Earth, and Fire did hardly find }
 Themselves pure Elements, and were inclin'd
 To mix in Composition of each kind.
 • *Man* scarce had seen the first Resplendent
 E'er *Woman* brought forth everlasting Night;
 (Light,

Damn'd

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 51

Damn'd *Pride* invited her at first to sin;

Ambition then, the Dévil usher'd in.

Those, for ten Thousand more have inlets

And now she's Mistress of the Devils Trade, ^{(made,}

She'll Tempt, Lie, Cozen sweat, Betray and

Hell's Blackest Art Ten Thousand times Repeat. ^{(Gheat;}

She will no Longer in subjection stand,

But Man must truckle to her harsh Command.

Toss'd with Tempestuous storms of Haughty

Disorder'd Motions, all her Passions Guide, ^{(Pride,}

Till she destroys her Loving Lord and Bride. }

How many sad Examples too we find

Of Husband's Murder'd by the female kind, }

Such are th' Effects of their aspiring Mind. }

No Laws nor Goodness, could her Thoughts ^{(deter,}

And Satan was forestall'd in seeing her ;

For all Diviner Edicts out she flew,

And swell'd with Cursed Pride, no Compass ^{(knew}

52 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Such is the Rage of her Infected Mind,
She Damn's the Race and stock of Poor Man-^{(kind,}
And Stifling Brimstone is the sweetest scent,
That Burns, whilst Devils guard her Sable Tent,
Resolved to Execute and ne'er Repent,
Whate'er his wicked Malice can invent
Since Heavens Sacred Laws cannot Restrain,
Thy Will, and threat'n'd Vengeance is in Vain
Since to live Peaceful is thy Greatest Pain ;
Proceed, and then you'll Queen of Devil's^{(Reign}

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 53

THE
Nature of WOMEN.

A
SATYR.

YE sacred Nymphs of *Lebethra* be by
While you *Polymnia* prompt my Me-^{(mory,}

And all the rest inspire my weaker Tongue
Least Woman shou'd complain I do her wrong.

Woman that Slave to her own Appetite,
That does in nothing Just or good delight;
In vain wou'd Man prescribe Laws to the Fool
Whose Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule :
Who ne'er considers what is wrong or right,
But all she does is mere Design or Spite ;
When she shou'd run, she's aptest to sit still,
Ready to fly to contradict Your Will,

54 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Her Temper so extravagant we find
 She hates, or is impertinently kind,
 Wou'd she be grave, she then looks like a Devil
 And like a Fool, or Whore, when she'd be civil
 Can Smile or Weep be Foolish or seem Wise,
 Or any thing, so she may Tyranize :
 What she will now, anon she will not do,
 Had rather Cross her self, than not cross you.
 She has a prating Vain and double Tongue,
 Inconstant, Roving, and Love's nothing long
 Imperious Bloody, so made up of Passion
 She is the very fire-brand of the Nation.

Contentious, Wicked, and not fit to Trust,
 And Covetous to spend it on her Lust ;
 Her Passions are more fierce than Storms of ^{(Wind}
 The heavy Yoak, and Burthen of Mankind,
 Where e'er she comes, she Strife with her does ^{(bring,}
 Her Life's but one intire Gossiping;

At.

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 55

At which with endless talking, Drunk she grows
And round about her Eyes and slanders throws
When she is Young, she whores herself for sport
And when she's old, she Bawd's for her support
And in her Bawding no exception makes
But a good price for her own Daughter takes,
Who well instructed in her Mothers tricks,
May make her Mistress of a Coach and six,
Of the Demurest Saint, she makes a Bitch
Deny you nothing to be great or rich;
Philters and Charms the Devil and all employ
Rather than not what she desires Enjoy.
She is a Snare, a Shamble and a Stews,
Her Meat and Sawce she does for Lechery chuse
And does in Laziness delight the more,
Because by that, she is provok'd to Whore
Her Beauty and her Tongue, serve both one end
Some to ensnare, and then betray her Friend;

56 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

She may defer the Punishment she gives

But ne'er forget the Injury she receives:

Ingrateful, Treacherous, enviously Enclin'd
Wild Beasts are Tam'd, flocks easier far confin'd
Than is her stubborn and rebellious Mind. }

She exclaims, reproaches, one Friend to another

And spares not her own Father or her Mother,

Delights in all the Mischief she can do,

Breaks all the Bonds of Love and Duty too;

False to her Promises, and best of Friends,

Oblig'd by nothing but her own base Ends;

Deludes, Defames you with her subtle Tricks,

Till something on your Reputation sticks,

These are her Vertues, and her only Fears,

Are that she shall not set you by the Ears;

To which ill purpose, her false Tongue's im-^{(ploy'd,}

If whispering will not do't she'll talk aloud,

Will spare no pains to speak in your dispraise

And can a Mole-hill to a Mountain raise,

Hide

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 57

Hide Mischiefs where they are, find 'em where's

And as time serves alter her Looks and Tone,

Woud'st thou on Quickſand for thy ſafety walk,

Converſe with *Woman*, and believe her Talk,

Woud'st thou a Serpent in thy Boſom bear,

Then hug the Sorcerers, entertain her there

If all her Arts and Induſtry ſhou'd fail,

To ruine thee, her Malice wou'd prevail;

If poſſible thy Senſes ſhe'd ſurprize,

And even Cuckold thee before thy Eyes,

And yet with Modeſty the fact wou'd paint,

Has at her beck the Devil and the Saint.

When the time ſerves, ſhe'll make things falſe;

And Truths for Falſhoods, wou'd impoſe on you

And by the Serpent taught when *Adam* Fell,

Has learnt t'out do the blackeſt Arts of Hell.

Theſe ſad Examples, which I here produce,

Serve to confirm they will no Crime reſuſe,

And

58 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

And that such Deeds as Cruelty wou'd shun

Have by their Hands, or for their sakes ^{(done,} been

Tempted by Bracelets, which *K. Tallius* wore

Besides an Itching which she had to Whore.

Trapeja once the Capitol did fell

To the paid Foe, by whose own Sword she ^{(fell} }
And for her Treason was rewarded well.

Hellen that follow'd the Adulterer,

'Twixt *Greece* and *Italy* fomented War;

For twice five Years the deadly feud had burn'd

When conquer'd Troy was into Ashes turn'd.

Semiramis, whose Hands in Blood were cloy'd

With Murthering all the Men she had enjoy'd

To set the petty Luxuries off the more,

For *Ninus* burn'd, who stabb'd th' incestuous ^{(Whore.}

The cruel *Bellides* one Night did slay,

The unhappy Bridegroom on their Bosom lay,

But

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 59

But here a Miracle I must declare,
The only Mercy to the Sex we hear,
One of the fifty did her Husband spare.
Such are the Mercies which we are to Trust,
So dangerous is a Womans Hate and Lust,
Rebecca did with Venfon *Isaac* treat,
Women seem kindest, when they mean to cheat;
And so the poor Dim-sighted Man deceiv'd
And *Esau* of the Blessing she bereav'd;
Our Mother *Eve*, to please her liquorish Taste
Did out of Paradise old *Adam* cast,
And they'll all help to Damn us at the last
Shepperds I do conjure you by my Love,
And by the Rural Gods of every Grove,
As you desire your tender Flocks shou'd thrive
And you your selves in peace and safty Live,
That those base Cattel from your Herds you

Thestilis,

60 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Thestylis, Phillis, and inconstant Chloris,

Naxos, Galatea and Lycoris:

Let 'em live like the unregarded Throng,
No more the subject of your Verse and Song,
On whose injustice, you in vain Exclaim'd,
What Woman e'er had Grace to be reclaim'd;
I now grown old, by long Experience Wise,
Can set things past, to come before your Eyes }
And from their Cheats, can pluck of the dis-^(guise.) }

The Commons Petition,

TO

KING CHARLES II.

IN all Humanity, we crave,
Our Sovereign may be our Slave;
And humbly beg, that he may be
Betray'd by us most Loyally.

And

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 61

And if he please, once to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity and Crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

The Kings ANSWER.

*Charles at this time, having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.*

Anacreontic.

THE Heavens carouse each Day a Cup,
No Wonder *Atlas* holds her up.
The Trees suck up the Earth and Ground,
And in their Brown Bowls drink around.
The Sea too, whom the Salt makes dry ;
His greedy thirst to satisfy,
Ten Thousand Rivers Drinks, and then
Grows Drunk, and spews them up again.
The Sun, (and'who so right as he)
Sits up all Night to Drink the Sea :

The

The Moon quaffs up the Sun, her Brother,
And wishes she cou'd tope another:
Ev'ry Thing Fuddles ; then that I,
If any Reason should be dry ?
Well ; I will be content to Thirst,
But too much Drink shall make me first.

THE
INCOURAGEMENT.

THIS the *Arabian* Bird alone
Lives Chast, because there is but one :
But had kind Nature made them Two,
They wou'd like Doves and Sparrows do.

The Perfect

E N J O Y M E N T.

Since now my *Silvia* is as kind as fair,
Let wit and joy succeed my dull despair.

O what a night of pleasure was the last !

A full reward for all my troubles past :

And on my head if future mischief fall,

This happy night shall make amends for all.

Nay though my *Silvia's* Love should turn to ^{(hate,}
^{(fate:}

I'll think of this, and die contented with my

Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met,

And on her Bed were close together set ;

Though listning Spies might be perhaps too ^{(near,}
^{(fear.}

Love fill'd our hearts, there was no Room for

Now

Now whilst I strive her melting heart to move
 With all the powerful Eloquence of Love :
 In her fair face I saw the Colour rise,
 And an unusual Softness in her Eyes,
 Gently they look, and I with Joy adore
 That only Charm they never had before !
 The wounds they made, her Tongue was
 But now these gentle Enemies reveal ^{(us'd to heal,}
 A Secret, which that friend would still conceal. [}]
 My Eyes transported too with Amorous rage,
 Seem fierce with expectation to engage :
 But fast she holds my hands, and close her ^{thighs,}
 And what she longs to do, with frowns denies
 A strange effect on foolish Women wrought
 Bred in disguises, and By Custom taught :
 Custom, which Wisdom sometimes over-rules.
 But serves instead of reason to the fools :

Custom,

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 65

Custom, which all the World to Slavery brings ;

The dull excuse for doing silly things.

She by this Method of her foolish Sex,

Is forc'd a while me and herself to vex.

But now when thus we had been struggling long,

Her Limbs grow weak, and her desires grow ^{(strong :}

How can she hold to let the *Hero* in ;

He storms without, and Love betrays within.

Her hands at last to hide her blushes, leave

The Fort unguarded, willing to receive

My fierce assault, made with a Lovers hast ;

Like Lightning piercing, and as quickly past.

Thus does fond Nature with her Children play

Just shews us Joy, then snatches it away.

'Tis not th' excess of pleasure makes it short ;

The pain of Love's as raging as the sport :

F

And

66 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

And yet, alas, that lasts ; we sigh all night
 With grief, but scarce one moment with delight.
 Some little pain may check her kind desire,
 But not enough to make her once retire :
 Maids wounds for pleasure bear, as Men for ^{(praise,}
 Here Honour heals, there Love the smart allays :
 The World if Just, would harmful ^{(blame,} courage
 And this more innocent reward with fame.
 Now she her well contented thoughts employs,
 On her past fears, and on her future Joys :
 Whose Harbinger did roughly all remove,
 To make fit room for great Luxurious Love,
 Fond of the welcome guest, her Arms embrace
 My body, and her hands a better place :
 Which with one touch so pleas'd and proud ^{(does grow,}
 It swells beyond the grasp that made it so.
 Confinement Scorns in any straighter Walls,
 Then those of Love, where it contented falls :
 Though

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 67

Though twice o'rethrown he more ^{(does rise :} inflam'd
And will to the last drop fight out loves prize.
She like some Amazon in story proves,
That overcomes the *Hero* whom she Loves.
In the close strife she takes so much delight,
She then can think of nothing but the fight :
With Joy she lays him panting at her feet,
But with more joy does his recovery meet.
Her trembling hands first gently raise his head,
She almost dies for fear that he is dead :
Then binds his wounds up with a busy hand,
And with that balm enables him to stand,
Till by her eyes she Conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper then she did before.
Though fallen from the Top of pleasures hill,
With longing Eyes we look up thither still :
Still thither Our unwearied wishes tend,
Till we that height of happiness ascend

68 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

By gentle steps, th' ascent it self exceeds
 All Joys, but that alone to which it leads,
 First then so long and lovingly we kifs,
 As if like Doves, we knew no dearer blifs :
 Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
 While groping hands are pleas'd no less then ^{(they}
 Thus cling'd together now a while we rest,
 Breathing our Souls into each others breast :
 Then give a general kifs of all our parts
 While this best way we make exchange of ^{hearts,}
 Here would my Praise as well as Pleasure dwell,
 Enjoyments self I scarcely like so well :
 The little this comes short in rage and strength
 Is largely recompenc'd with endle's length.
 This is a Joy would last, if we could stay,
 But Love's too eager to admit delay,
 And hurries us along so smooth a way.

Now

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 69

Now wanton with Delight we nimbly move,
Our pliant Limbs in all the shapes of Love:
Our Motions not like those of Gamesome Fools,
Whose active Bodies shew their heavy Souls,
But sports of Love, in which a willing Mind,
Makes us as able as our Hearts are kind.

At length all languishing and out of Breath,
Panting as in the Agoniès of Death,
We lie entranc'd, till one provoking Kiss
Transports our ravish'd Souls to Paradise.

O Heaven of Love, thou moment of Delight!
Wrong'd by my Words, my Fancy does thee ^{(right,}
Methinks I lie all melting in her Charms,
And fast lookt up within her Legs and Arms:
Bent are our Minds, and all our Thoughts ^{(fire,} on
Just labouring in the pangs of fierce Desire.
At once like Misers wallowing in their Store,

70 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

In full possession, yet desiring more.

Thus with repeated Pleasures while we waste
Our happy Hours, that like short Minutes pass,
To such a sum of Bliss our Joys amount,
The number now becomes too great to count.
Silent as Night are all sincerest Joys,
Like deepest Waters running with least Noise.
But now at last, for want of further force
From Deeds, alas, we fall into Discourse!
A fall which each of us in vain bemoans,
A greater fall then that of Kings from Thrones,
The Tide of Pleasure flowing now no more,
We lye like Fish left gasping on the Shoar.
And now as after Fighting, Wounds appear,
Which we in heat, did neither feel nor fear,
She for her sake intreats me to give o'er,
And yet for mine, would gladly suffer more.

Her

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 71

Her words are coy, while all her Motions Woo
And when she asks me if it please me too,
I rage to shew how well, but 'twill not do. }
Thus would hot Love run it self out of Breath
And wanting rest, find it too soon in Death,
Did not wise Nature with a gentle force
Restrain its Rage, and stop its headlong course:
Indulgently severe, she well does spare
This Child of hers, which most deserves her
(Care.

Having before inserted his Lordship's Answer to the
following Letter, several Gentlemen desir'd us to add
the Letter it self.

TO THE

Right Honourable, the Earl of

R O C H E S T E R.

HOW far are they deceiv'd, who hope
 A lasting Lease of Joys from Love t'ob-^{(in Vain}
 tain?^{(tain?}
 All the dear Sweets we promise or expect,
 After Enjoyment, turns to cold Neglect.
 Cou'd Love a constant Happiness have known,
 The mighty wonder had in me been shown;
 Our Passions are so favoured by Fate,
 As if she meant them an Eternal Date;
 So kind you lookt, such tender Words you spoke
 'Twas past belief, such Vows shou'd e'er be^{(broke.}
 Fixt on my Eyes, How often did you say,
 You cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away?
 When Thoughts too great for Words had made^{(you mute,}
 In kisses you wou'd tell my Hand your Suit.

So

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 73

So great your Passions were, so far above
The common Gallantries, that pass for Love.
At worst I thought, if you unkind shou'd prove
Your ebbing Passion wou'd be kinder far,
Than the first Transports of all others are.
Nor was my Love or Fondness less than yours,
In you I center'd all my Hopes ———
For you, my Duty to my Friends forgot,
For you, I lost, alas what lost I not ?
Fame, all the valuable things of Life,
To meet your Love by a less name than Wife;
How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
When you lay panting on my tender Breast, }
Acting such things, as ne'er can be exprest. }
Thousand fresh looks you gave me e'ry hour,
Whilst greedily I did those Looks devour ;
Till quite o'ercome with Charms I trembling lay
At e'ry look you gave, melted away :

I was

I was so highly happy in your Love,

Methoughts I pitied them that dwelt Above.

Think then thou GREATEST, LOVELIEST, FALSEST

How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd ^{(Man,}
My Faithless Dear, be CRUEL if you can. ^(and then)

How I have Lov'd, I cannot, need not tell;

For e'ry Act has shown I lov'd too well.

Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a Thought,

Was not entirely yours, to you I brought

My Virgin Innocence, and freely made,

My Love an Offering to your noble Bed.

Since when ye've been the Star by ^{(steer'd} which I

And nothing else but you I Lov'd or Fear'd.

Your Smiles I only Live by, and I must,

Whene'er you Frown, be shatter'd into Dust.

O! Can the Coldness which you show me now,

Suit with the generous Heat you once did show?

I can-

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 75

I cannot Live on pity or respect,
A Thought so mean, wou'd my whole Love ^{(Infect,} }
Less then your Love, I scorn Sir to expect
Let me not live in dull Indiff'rency,
But give me rage enough to make me Die:
For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
Before you Pity, I wou'd choose your Hate.

PROLOGUE.

GEntle Reproofs have long been try'd in
Men but dispise us while we but ^{(Vain,} com-
Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong ^{(plain,} }
A weak resistance still provokes their Pride; ^{(side,} }
And cannot stem the fierceness of the Tide : }
Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking crowd,
Of gaudy Fools, Impertinent and Loud,
Insult in every corner, want of Sense,
Confirm'd with an Outlandish Impudence,
Among

76 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
 Have introduc'd ill-breeding and false Wit:
 To boast their Lewdness, here young Scow-
(rers meet,
 And all the Vile, Companions of a Street,
 Keep a perpetual bawling at the Door,
(Whore :
 Who beat the Bawd last Night, who Bilk't the
(thing,
 They snarl, but neither Fight nor pay a Far-
 A Play-house is become a meer Bear-Garden ;
 Where every one with Insolence enjoys,
 His Liberty, and property of Noise.
(down,
 Shou'd true Sence, with revengeful fire come
 Our SODOM wants ten Men to save the Town :
 Each Parish is Infected, to be clear
(here :
 We must lose more then when the Plague was
 While every little thing perks up so soon,
 That at fourteen it Hectors up and down,
(in Town.
 With the best Cheats, and the worst Whores }

Swears

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 77

Swears at a Play, who shou'd be whipt at
The Foplings must in time grow up to Rule,
The fashion must prevail to be a Fool.

Some powerful Muse, inspir'd for our Defence,
Arise, and save a little Common Sense :

In such a Cause, let thy Keen Satyr Bite,
Where Indignation bids thy *Genius* write:

Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
First single out the Beast, then hunt him down
Hang up his mangl'd Carcass on the Stage,
To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

On the Author of a Play call'd
S O D O M.

TELL me, abandon'd Miscreant, prithee
What Damn'd Power invok'd, and
(If Hell were bad enough) did thee Inspire,
Hast thou of late Embrac'd some *Succubus*
And

And us'd the lew'd Familiar for a Muse
 Or did'st thy Soul by Inch of Candle sell,
 To Gain the Glorious name of Pimp to Hell?
 If so, go, and it's vow'd Allegiance swear,
 Without press Money, be it's Volunteer:
 May he who Envies thee deserve thy fate,
 Deserve both Heavens and Mankind's scorn and
 Disgrace to Libels! Foil to very shame,^{(Hate,}
 Whom tis a Scandal to Vouchsafe to Name.
 What foul Description's foul enough for Thee,
 Sunk quite below the reach of Infamy?
 Thou Covet'st to be Lewd, but want'st the—
 And art all over Devil but in wit:
 Weak Feeble Strainer at meer Ribaldry,
 Whose Muse is Impotent to that Degree
 That must like Age be whipt to Lechery. }
 Thou Moore-fields Author fit for Bawds to quote,
 (If Bawds themselves with honour safe may^{(do't}

When

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 79

VWhen suburb Prentice comes to hire Delight,
And wants Incentives to Dull Appetite
There Punk, Perhaps, may thy brave Works ^{(Rehearse !}
Which after shall prefer'd to Dressing Box,
Hold Turpentine, and Medicines for the Pox :
Or if I may ordain a Fate more fit.
For Such foul Nasty Excrements of Wit,
May they Condemn'd to th' Publick ^{(sent} *Jaque's* be
There bugger Wiping Porters as they ? S——
And so thy Book it self turn *Sodomite*.

A Satyr against Marriage.

Husband, thou Dull unpitied Miscreant,
Wedded to Noise, to Misery and want :
Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,
Oblig'd to Cherish and to Hate thy Wife.
Drudge on till Fifty at thy own Expence,
Breath out thy Life in one Impertience:

Repeat

Repeat thy Loath'd Embraces every Night,
Prompted to Act by Duty, not Delight.

Christen thy forward Bantling once a Year,
And Carefully thy Spurious Issue Rear.

Go once a week to see the Brat at Nurse
And let the young Imposture drain thy Purse.
Hedge Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
Do thou Maintain Incorrigible Sot.

O! I cou'd Curse the Pimp (who cou'd do less?)
He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.

Pox on him, let him go, what can I say?

Anethema's on him are but thrown away:

The Wretch is Marry'd, and hath known the ^{(worst,}

And his great Blessing is, he can't be Curst.

Marriage ! O Hell and furies name it Not,

Hence, Hence, ye holy Cheats a Plot, a Plot :

Marriage ! 'Tis but a Licens'd way to Sin,

A Noose to Catch Religious Woodcocks in :

Or

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 81

Or the nick Name of Love's Malicious Fiend,
Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.

'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
Mispend^{(Wealth,}er of our Time, our Strength and,

The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
That we can Virtuous, Good, or Pleasant call.

By Day 'tis Nothing But a Needless Noise

By Night the Echo of Forgotten Joys:

Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,

At home the Hourly Breach of what they Vow'd

In youth it's *Opium* to our Lustfull Rage,
Which Sleeps a while, but Wakes again in^{(Age,}

It heaps on all Men much but Useless care,

For with more Trouble they less happy are.

Ye GODS! That Man by his own Slavish Law

Should on himself such Inconvenience draw.

If he would wiser Nature's Laws Obey,

Those Chalk him out a far more Pleasant way,

82 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

When lusty youth and flagrant Wine Conspire,
 To fan the Blood into a Generous fire,
 We must not think the Gallant will endure
 He Puissant Issue of his Calenture;
 Nor always in his single Pleasures Burn,
 Tho Nature's Hand maid sometimes serves the ^{(turn.}
 No, he must have a Sprightly youthful Wench,
 In equal Floods of Love his flames to Quench,
 One that will hold him in her Claspings Arms,
 And in that Circle all his Spirits Charms,
 That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
 Can raise his Soul and Reinsnare his Heart.
 Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,
 Always begot in Passion and in Heat.
 But the Dull Offspring of the *Marriage* Bed,
 What is it but a Human Piece of Lead;
 A Sottish Lump ingender'd of all Ills;
 Begot like Catts, against their Father's Will?

If

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 83

If it be Bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly Spoil'd
The Mothers fear's Intail'd upon the Child.
Thus whether Illegitimate or Not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
Let no ennobled soul himself Debase
By Lawful means to Bastardize his Race;
But if he must pay Nature's Debt in kind,
To Check his eager Passion, let him find
Some willing Female out, what tho' she be
The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy?
Tho' she be Linsey Woolsey Bawd and Whore,
Close stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common shore,
Impudent, Foolish, Bawdy and Disease,
The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices;
VVhat then, She's better then a VVife behalf,
And if thou'rt still Unmarried, thou art safe.
VVith VVhores, thou cans't but Venture; ^{(thou'rt Lost,} what
Maybe Redeem'd again with Care and Cost;

84 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

But a Damn'd VVife by inevitable Fate,
Destroys Soul, Body, Credit and Estate.

To all Curious *CRITICKS,*

And Admirers of

M E E T R E.

HAve you seen the Raging, stormy main,
Toss a Ship up, then Cast her Down ^{(again ?}
Sometimes she seems to touch the very Skies,
And then again upon the Sand she lies.
Or have you seen a Bull when he is Jealous,
How he does tear the Ground and Roars and ^{(Bellows,}
Or have you seen the Pretty Turtle Dove,
When she Laments the absence of her Love ?
Or have you seen the Faries, when they sing
And Dance with Mirth together in a Ring ;
Or

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 85

Or have you seen our Gallants make a Pudder
With Fair and Grace, and Grace and Fair ^{(Strudder,} Ann

Or have you seen the *Daughters* of *Apollo*

Pour down their Rhyming Liquors in a Hollow
Cane?—————

In spungy Brain Congealing into Verse ;

If you have seen all this, then kifs mine——

POEMS,

Chiefly Relating to STATE
AFFAIRS:

*Written by his Lordship, immediately after the
Restoration.*

THE
RESTAURATION,
OR THE
HISTORY of Infipids;
A LAMPOON.

I.

C Haft, Pious, Prudent, C—— the Second
The Miracle of thy Restoration,
May like to that of *Quails* be reckon'd,
Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation ;

The

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 87

The wisht for Blessing from Heav'n sent,
Became their Curse and Punishment.

II.

The Vertues in thee, C—— inherent,
Although thy Countenance be an odd peice,
Proves thee as true a Gods Vicegerent
As e'er was *Harry* with His Codpiece :
For Chastity and pious Deeds,
His Grandfire *Harry*, C—— exceeds.

III.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Espoused half a dozen Wives,
C—— only one resolv'd to Marry,
And other Mens he never swived
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
Then e'er had *Harry* by threescore.

IV.

Never was such a Faiths Defender,
 He like a politick Prince and Pious,
 Gives Liberty to Conscience tender,
 And doth to no Religion tie us,
Jews, Christians, Turks, Papists, he'll please us,
 With *Moses, Mahomet*, or J——

V.

In all Affairs of Church or State,
 He very Zealous is, and able,
 Devout at Prayers, and sits up late
 At the Cabal and Council Table.
 His very Dog at Council-board,
 Sits Grave and Wise, as any Lord.

VI.

Let C——'s Policy no Man flout,
 The wisest Kings have all some Folly,
 Nor let his Piety any doubt;
 C—— like a Sovereign Wife and Holy;
 Make

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 89

Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
And Bishops those that Love a Wench.

VII.

His Fathers Foes he doth reward, .
Preserving those that cut off's Head :
Old Cavaliers the Crown's best Guard,
He lets them starve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endow'd
With so much Grace and Gratitude,

VIII.

Blood, that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parsons Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace
For stealing *Ormond*, and the Crown?
Since Loyalty do's no Man good,
Let's steal the King and out-do *Blood*.

IX. A Par-

IX.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,

Members by Name, you must not mention,
He keeps in pay, and buys their Votes,

Here with a Place, there with a Pension,
When to give Mony he can't collogue 'em,
He doth with Scorn prorogue prorogues 'em.

X.

But they long since by too much giving,
Undid, Betray'd, and Sold the Nation;
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give the C—— a Resolution
To Damn the Knaves by Diffolution.

XI.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
Though Victories were *Cæsars* Glory;
Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,
But left them stiled great in Story. Mali.

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 61

Malitious Fate doth oft devise

To beat the Brave and Fool the Wife,

XII.

C—— in the first *Dutch* War stood fair,

To have been Sovereign of the Deep;

When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,

Had not his Highness gone to sleep.

Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his waking,

The *Dutch* else had been in sad taking.

XIII.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,

Though we paid dear for that Design:

Had we not three days parling staid,

The *Dutch* Fleet there, C—— had been thine,

Though the false *Dane* agreed to sell 'em,

He Cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

Had

XIV.

Had not C——sweetly choos'd the States,
By *Bergen* Baffle grown more wise,
And made them shite as small as Rats,
By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet Surprise.
Had haughty *Holmes* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hands had been put into a Bag.

XV.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,
And once the Navies wise Division,
Defeated C——— his best Designs,
Till he became his Foes Derision.
But he had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chattam*,
Had he had Ships but to come at 'em.

XVI.

Our *Blackheath* Host without dispute,
Rais'd, (put on Board, why, no Man knows)
Must C—— have rendered absolute,
Over his Subjects or his Foes.

Has

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 93

Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
By taking *Maestricht* with our Tools?

XVII.

But C—— what could thy Policy be,
To run so many sad Disasters;
To join thy Fleet with false *D' Etrees*,
To make the *French* of *Holland* Masters?
Was't *Carewell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
That made thee break the Triple League.

XVIII.

Could *Robin Vyner* have foreseen
The glorious Triumphs of his Master,
The Wool-Church Statue Gold had been,
Which now is made of Alabaſter:
But wise Men think had it been wood,
'Twere for a Bankrupt K^{ing} too good.

XIX.

Those that the Fabrick well conſider,
Do of it diverſly diſcourſe;

Moſt

94 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Some pass their Censure on the Rider,

Others their Judgment of the Horse:

Most say the *Steed's* a goodly thing,

But all agree 'tis a Lewd K~~ing~~

XX.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,

Free-man of *London*, G—— is made;

Then to *White-Hall* a Rich Gold Box comes,

Which was bestow'd on the *French* Jade.

But wonder not it should be so, Sirs,

When Monarchs rank themselves with Grocers.

XXI.

Cringe, scrape, no more, ye City Fopps,

Leave off your Feasting and fine Speeches,

Beat up your Drums, shut up your Shops,

The Courtiers then will kiss your Breeches,

Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that Rules,

You'r Free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

New

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 95
XXII.

New Upstarts, Pimps, Bastards, Whores,
That Locust like devour the Land,
By shutting up the Exchequer Doors,
When thither our Mony was trapan'd,
Have rendred C—— his Restauration,
But a small Bessing to the Nation.

XXIII.

Then C—— beware of thy Brother *York*
Who to thy Government gives Law ;
If once we fall to the old Sport,
You must again both to *Breda* :
Where Spite of all that would restore you,
Grown wise by wrongs, we shall abhor you.

XXIV.

If of all Christian Blood the Guilt.
Gry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven ;
That Sea by Treacherous *Lewis* spilt,
Can never be by God forgiven.

Worfe

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96 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, *Lord*,
Then Pestilence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

XXV.

That false rapacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curse,
Who at his Subjects cry, does Dance,
And study how to make them worse.
To say such Kings, *Lord*, rule by thee,
Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

XVI,

Such know no Law but their own Lust,
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood
They count it Tribute, due and just,
Still spent, and spilt, for Subjects good.
If such Kings are by God appointed,
The D—may be the L—Anointed.

XXVII.

Such Kings curst be the Power and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em ;
Monsters

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 97

Monsters which Knaves Sacred proclaim,
And then like Slaves fall down before 'em,
What can there be in Kings Divine ?
The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

XXVIII.

Then Farewel Sacred Majesty,
Let's pull all Brutish Tyrants down ;
When Men are born, and still live free,
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
Mankind like miserable Froggs,
Prove wretched, King'd by Storks and Loggs.

On *ROME'S* Pardons.

I.

IF *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold }
And if those Pardons can be bought and }
If were no sin to adore and VVorship Gold. }

H

If

II.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,
 For Sins they may commit in time to come,
 And for Sins past; 'tis very well for *Rome*.

III.

At this rate they are happiest that have most
 They'll purchase Heaven at their own proper
 Alas the Poor, all that are so, are lost. ^(cost;)

IV.

Whence came this Knack, or when did it begin,
 What Author have they, or who brought it in:
 Did Christ e'er keep a *Custom-House* for Sin.

V.

Some Subtil Devil, without more ado,
 Did certainly this sly Invention brew,
 To Gull them of their Souls and Money too.

The

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 99

THE
DISPUTE.

BETWIXT Father *Patrick* and his Highness of
There hapned a strong and a weighty ^{(late,}
^{(debate:}
RELIGION was the Theme. 'Tis strange that
Shou'd dispute about that which neither of 'em ^{(they two,}
When I dare boldly say, if the truth were but ^{(knew,}
The weakness of *Patrick* and strength of his own; ^{(known,}
He'd have call'd it a madness, and much like a
To have chang'd from a good one, to that ^{(curse,}
But the reasons which made most his Highness ^{(which is worse}
And so willingly quit to St. *Patrick* the Field, ^{to yield,}
Were——
First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you ith' ^{(Lurch,}
Who tell you there can b'any more than ^{(one Church}
And, next unto that, he aver'd for a certain ;
No Footsteeps of ours cou'd be found before ^{(Martin.}

100 . *Miscellaneous* V V O R K S,

At which two reasons, so deep and profound,
 His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoon;
 But at length he cry'd out, Father *Patrick*, I find
 By the sudden Conversion, and change of my
 It is not your reason, nor wit can afford ^{(mind.}
 Such strength to your cause; 'Tis the Finger
 For now I remember he some where has said; ^{o th' Lord,}
 That by Babes and Sucklings his truth is con-
 vey'd,
 Thus ended the dispute 'twixt the Priest and
 In which, to say truth, and to do 'em both ^{(the Knight}
 He manag'd the cause, as he did the Sea Fight. ^{(right,}

A S A T Y R.

Semper Ego Auditor Tantum, &c.

MUST I with Patience ever silent sit,
 Perplex with Fools who will believe ^{(they've wit?}
 Must I find every place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
 Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?
 Must

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 101

Must I meet *Henningham* where e'er I go
Arp. Arran, Villain *Frank*, nay *F^{ault}ney* too ?
Shall *H^{ewitt}* pertly crawl from place to place,
And scabby *Vilers* for a Beauty pass ?
Shall *H^{ewitt}* and *B^{randon}* Politicians prove,
And *S^{utherland}* presume to be in Love ?
' Shall pimping *Dencourt* patient Cuckolds
(Blame
' *Lumley* and *Savage* 'gainst the Pope disclaim.
Who can abstain from *Satyr* in this Age ?
VVhat Nature wants, I find supply'd by Rage.
Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry rise,
But none's made Great for being good or wise.
Deserve a Dungeon if you would be great.
Rogues always are our, Ministers of State,
Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewell* fit,
With *England's* wretched Queen, must equal fit,
Ranelagh and fearful *M^{ulgrave}* are preferr'd,
Vertue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
' May I ne're be like these I'll ask no more,
' I wou'd not be the Men to have their Pow'r
H 3 Who'd

102 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

VWho'd be a Monarch to endure the Prating,

Of *Nell* and sawcy *Oglethorp* in waiting.

VWho would S—^{*not Hampton's*}drivling Cuckold be ?

Who would be *York* and bear his Infamy ?

What Wretch would be *Green's* base begotten
(Son ?

Who would be *J—s*^{*ames*} out-witted and undone ?

Who ^{*'d*}~~would~~ be like S— a cringing Knave,
^{*understand*}

Like *Hallifax* wife, like Boarish P—^{*embroke*} brave ?

* Who'd be that Patient Bardash S—^{*hunting*}y,

* Or who wou'd F—^{*ragious*}s chatt'ring M—^{*ordant*} be

Who'd be a Wit in *Dryden's* cudgel'd Skin ?

Or who'd be safe and senseless like *Tom Thinn*,

A S A T Y R.

Nobilitas sola atque unica virtus est.

NOT *Rome* in all her splendor, could
(compare,
With those great Blessings happy *Bri-*
(ian's share,
Vainly they boast their Kings of heavenly Race

A King incarnate *England's* Throne does grace,
Chaste

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 103

Chaste in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
To his Friends he's constant, to his Foes he's
His Justice is through all the World admir'd, ^{(brave,}
His Word held Sacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
No Tumults do about his Pallace move,
Freed from Rebellion by his Peoples Love.
Nor do we less in Counsels wise prevail,
As all our late Transactions loudly tell.
Not only Prorogations good create,
But th' adjourn'd Play-House is a *Coup d'Etat*.
So learned *Chymists*, when they long have try'd
For Secrets, thrifty Nature fain would hide,
In basest Matters, often Spirits find,
Which Providence for greater Use design'd
But who can wonder at such vast Success,
Our Cato S^{understand} ne'er promis'd less.

104 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Abroad in Embassies he first was fam'd,
 Where he so strictly *England's* Rights main-
 (tain'd.
 At home an humble Creature to her Grace,
 And Mrs. *W*^{and} preferr'd him to the Place.

Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
Tork who thrice chang'd his Ships through
 (warlike Rage,
 And *Monmouth*, who's the *Scipio* of the Age,
 The first long Admiral, but more renown'd
 For Pox and Popery, than publick Wound.
 This is the Man, whose Vice each Satyr feeds,
 And for whom no one Vertue intercedes :
 Destin'd for *England's* Plague, from Infant time,
 Curst with a Person f^{oul}er — than all Crime.

But mightier Kings than these do still remain,
Plimouth, who lately shew'd upon the Plain,
 And did by *Hewit* s Fall immortal Honour gain. }

So Mouse and Frog came gravely to the Field,
 Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to
 (yield;
 Their

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 105

Their famous *Billets Deux* and Duel prove
Them both as fit for Combat, as for Love.
Amongst all these 'twere not amiss to name
Poultney, to whom *St. Omers* Siege gave Fame.

Nor do Wits less our polish'd Court adorn,
Then Men of Prowess, for Atchievements born.
Romantick M^{or daunt}—A, who in empty Lines
His happier Rival tediously defines ;
That well knew how to value painted Toys,
And left the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys.
But his chief Talent is in Histories,
Which of himself he tells, and always lies :
Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit (and Bully,
Put Punk-rid R^{adcliffe's} not a greater Cully,
Nor tawdry *Isbam*, intimately kown (Town.
To all pox't Whores and famous Rooks in
No Ladies my respectful Muse will name,
She thinks it Blasphemy to touch their Fame.

Safe

Safe may they live, who faithful are and kind,
 But ~~may~~ lewd Scourers no Redemption find.
 May Young and Old incessantly give Thanks
 For that blest Nursery of Intrigue *Mill-Banks*.
 May *Lester-Fields* repair their Matrons Fall,
 But still subscribe in Feasts of Love to th'^{(Mall,}
 And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to B~~etty~~-Hall. }

T H E

Royal A N G L E R.

MEt hinks I see our mighty Monarch stand.
 His pliant Angle trembling in his hand,
 Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man, ^{(he know,} nor does
 His easie Scepter bends and trembles so.
 Fine Representative indeed of God,
 Whose Scepter's dwindled to a Fishing Rod.

Such

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 107

Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
When his great Godship stoop'd to catching ^{(Flies,}
Bless us! what pretty Sport have Deities! }

But see he now does up from *Dochet* come,
Laden with Spoils of slaughter'd Gudgeons ^{(home.}
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate, }
But greedily he swallow'd every Bait,
A Prey to every *King-Fisher* of State. }

For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been ^{(taught:}
Then Listen now how he himself is caught,
So well alas, the fatal Bait is known,

Which *Rowley* does so greedily take down,
And however weak and slender be the String,
Bait it with Whore, and it will hold a King.
Almighty Power of Women! Oh, how vain
Are *Salique Laws*, for you will ever reign?

Yet *Lawson*, thou whose Arbitrary Sway
Our King must, more than we do him obey,
Who

108 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Who shortly shalt of easie *Charles's* Breast,
 And of his Empire be at once posselt.
 Tho' it indeed appear a glorious Thing,
 To command Power, and to enslave a King ;
 Yet e'er the false Appearance has betray'd
 A soft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
 O, yet consider, e'er it be too late,
 How near you stand upon the Brink of Fate.
 Think who they are, who would for you ^{(cure} pro-
 This great Preferment, to be made a Whore ;
 Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in ^{(story,} *British*
 For Lust and Drunkenness, with *Nell* and *Lory* ;
 These, these are they your Fame would sacrifice
 Your Honour sell, and you shall know the Price.
 My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
 But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine ;
 Old *Richm^{on}-d* making thee a glorious Punk,
 Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be Drunk.

Her

By the F. of ROCHESTER. 109

Her Brother *Buckingham* shall be restoar'd,
Nelly a Courtess, *Lory* be a Lord.
And sure all Honours should on him be thrown
Both for his Father's Merit and his own.
For *Dunkirk* first was sold by *Clamond*,
And now *Tangier* selling by the Son:
A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

LAIS SENIOR.

I.

LET Ancients boast no more,
Their Lewd Imperial Whore;
Whose everlasting Lust,
Surviv'd her Body's latest Thrust.
And when that transitory Dust
Had no more vigour left in store,
Was still, as fresh and active, as before.

II. His

110 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

II.

Her Glory must give place,
To one of Modern British Race;
Whose every daily Act exceeds
The others most transcendent Deeds:
She has at length made good,
That there is Humane Flesh and Blood,
Even able to out-do,
All that their loosest Wishes prompt them to.

III.

When she has Jaded quite,
Her almost Boundless appetite;
Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight,
She'll still Drudge on in tasteless Vice,
(As if she sinn'd for Exercise)
Disabling stoutest Stallions every hour,
And when they can perform no more,
She'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of Door.

IV. *Mon—*

By the E. of ROCHESTER. III

IV.

Monmouth and *Candis* Droop,
As first did *Henningham* and *Scroop* :
Nay, Scabby *Ned* looks Thin and Pale,
And sturdy *Frank* himself begins to fail :
But Wo betide him if he does,
She'll set her *Jocky* on his Toes,
And he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

V.

Now tell me all ye Pow'rs,
Whoe're could equal this Lewd Dame of ours
Lais her self must yield,
And vanquish'd *Julia* quit the Field :
Nor can that Princess, one day fam'd,
As wonder of the Earth,
For *Minotaurus* glorious Birth,
With Admiration any more be Nam'd
Those Puny Heroins of History,
Eclipsed

Eclips'd by her, shall all forgotten be
Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.

Portsmouth's Looking-Glass.

MEthinks I see you newly risen,
From your embroider'd Bed, and
With stud ied Meia, and much Grimace, ^{(Pissing,}
Present your self before your Glass,
To varnish and rub o'er those Graces,
You rub'd off in your Night Embraces :
To set your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
And all those Powers you conquer with ;
Lay Trains of Love, and State-Intrigues,
In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wiggs:
And nicely chuse, and neatly spread,
Upon your Cheeks the best *French* Red.

Indeed

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 113

Indeed for Whites, none can compare
With those you naturally wear:
And tho' her Highness much delights
To laugh and talk about your *Whites*,
I never could perceive your Grace
Made use of any for your Face.
Here 'tis you practise, all your Art,
To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart ;
Tattle, and smile, and wink and twink on't,
It almost makes me Spew to think on't,
These are your Master-strokes of Beauty,
That keeps poor *Romley* to hard Duty :
And how can all these be withstood,
By frail and amorous Flesh and Blood ?
These are the Charms that have bewicht him,
As if a Conjuror's Rod had swicht him,
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and fumble here with you.

114 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Amongst your Ladies, and his Chits,
At Cards and Council here he sits :
Yet minds not how they play at either,
Nor cares he when 'tis walking Weather,
Business and Power he has resign'd,
And all things to your mighty Mind.

• Is there a *Minister of State*,
Or any Treasurer of late,
That's fawning and imperious too ?
He owes his Greatness all to you :
And as you see just Cause to do't,
You keep him in, or turn him out.
Hence 'tis you give us War and Peace,
Raise Men, disband them as you please,
The many Pensions, retrench Wages,
For Petticoats, and justy Ages :
Contrive and execute all Laws,
Suiting the Judges to the Cause.

Learn'd

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 115

Learn'd *Scrooge* and honest *Jeffereys*,
A faithful Friend to you whoe'er is ;
He made the Jury come in Booty ;
And for your Service, would hang *Doughty*.
You govern every Council-meeting,
Make the Fools do as you think fitting :
Your Royal Cully has Command
Only from you at second hand ;
He does but at the Helm appear,
Sits there and sleeps, while your Slaves steer:
And you are the bright *Northern* Star,
By which they guide this Man of War ;
Yet without doubt they might conduct
Him better, were you better *Friend*.
Many begin to think of late,
His Crown and — ^{prick} — have both one Date ;
For as they fall, so falls the State.
And as his Loins prove loose and weak,
The Reins of Government must break.

A
S A T Y R
O N

King C H A R L E S the Second,
for which he was Banish'd, the
Court and afterwards set up a
Mountebank-Stage on *Tower-Hill*.

I N the Isle of *Great Britain* long since fa-
For breeding the Best—— in *Christendom*;
There Reigns, and long may he Reign and
The easiest Prince, and best bred *Man* alive ;
Him no Ambition moves to seek Renown, }
Like the *French* Fool to wander up and down, }
Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown. }
Nor are his high Desires above his Strength,
His Scepter and his ——are of a length ;
And she that plays with one may sway the other
And make him little wiser than his Brother.
I hate

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 117

I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones they fit on
From the Hector of *France*, to the Cully of *Brit-*^{(tain.}
Poor Prince, thy ---- like the Buffoons at Court,
It governs thee, because it makes the Sport:
Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
'Twill break through all to make its way to *Love* ^{Love}
Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
A merry Monarch, scandalous and poor.
To *Carewell* the most Dear of all thy Dears,
The sure Relief of thy declining Years;
Oft he bewails his Fortune and her Fate,
To Love so well, and to be Lov'd so late.
For when in her, he settles well his *Love* ^{Taste}
Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hang an Arse.
This you'd believe, had I but time to tell ye
The Pain it costs to poor laborious *Nelly*,
While she employs, Hands, Fingers, Lips, and
E'er she, can raise the *Member* she enjoys. ^{(Thighs,}

ROCHESTER's Farewell.

Fill'd with the noysom Folly of the Age
 And weary of my part, I quit the Stage;
 For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
 Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the Chief
 Long I with charitable Malice strove, (Actors are ?)
 Lashing the Court, these Vermin to remove?
 But thriving Vice under the rod still grew,
 As aged Lechers whip'd, their Lust renew.
 Yet this my Life has unsuccessful been,
 (For who can this *Angæan* Stable clean ?)
 My gen'rous End I will pursue in Death,
 And at Mankind rail with my parting Breath.
 First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
 With open Bravery, and dissembled Fear:
Mulgrave their Head; but Gen'ral have a care,
 Tho skill'd in all these Arts that cheat the
(Fair :
 The

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 119

The undiscerning and impartial *Moor*
Spare not the Lovers on the Ladies score.
Think how many perish by one fatal shot,
The Conquests all thy Ogling ever got.
Think then (as I presume you do) how all
The *English* Beauties will lament your fall;
Scarce wou'd a greater Grief pierce ev'ry Heart
Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.
Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
To stay and tie the Cravat-string at Home?
To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
With *Hewit*, *Damme*, there's no Action there.
Had'st thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write
To hinder this thy eagerness to fight?
That without danger thou a Brave might'st be,
As sure to be deny'd as *Shrews* ^{*Mer*}*y*.
This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
But who this Courage could suspect in you?

120 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

For say, what reason could with Thee prevail,
To change Embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail?
Let *Plimonth*, or let *Mord*^{accnt}~~---~~ go, whom Fate
Has made not valiant but desperate.

For who would not be weary of his Life,
Who's as lost his Money, or has got a Wife?
To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,
One flies from's Creditor, the other from *Frazier*; *
'Twere cruelly to make too sharp Remarks
On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks.
Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,
When all thy pert young Voluntiers I see;
Those Chits in War, who as much ^{create} Mirth
As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State:
Their Names shall equal, or exceed in Story,
Chit *Sund*^{alan}~~---~~*d*, Chit *Godo*^{Chun}~~---~~*n* and Chit *L*^{or}~~---~~*y*
When thou let'st *Plimonth* go, 'twas such a jest,
As when the Brother made the same request;

Had

+ Physician to the D. of York 1777. W

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 121

Had *Richmond* but got leave as well as he,
The jest had been complete and worthy thee.
Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance,
It is resolv'd, but first let's have a Dance.
First, at her Highness Ball he must appear, }
And in a parting Country Dance, learn there }
With Drum and Fife to make a Jig of War;
What is of Souldier seen in all the heap,
Besides the flut'ring Feather in the Cap,
The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
From Gen'ral *Mulg^{rave}*-e, down to little *Worth*;
But now they're all embark'd, and curse their ^{(Fate,}
Curse *Charles* that gave 'em leave, and much ^{(more Kate,}
VWho than *Tangier* to *England* and the King
No greater Plague, besides her self, could bring;
And with the *Moors*, since now their hand was ^{(in,}
As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
There leave we them, and back to *England* come.
VWhere by the wiser Sparks that stay at home,
In

In safe Ideas by their fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Mastrich*) is at *Windsor* storm'd.

But now we talk of *Maestrich*; where is he,
 Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?

He with his thick impenetrable Scull,
 The solid hard'ned Armour of a Fool:

Well might himself to all Wars ill expose,
 VVho (come what will yet) had no Brains to ^{(lose:}

Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,

VVho must (forsooth) our future Monarch be.

This Fool by Fools (*Armstrong* and *V^{er}on*) led
 Dream that a Crown will drop upon his head;
 By great Example, he this Path do tread.

Following such senseless Asses up and down,
 (For *Saul* sought Asses when he found a ^{(Crown.}

But *Ross* is risen as *Samuel* at his call,

To tell that God has left th' ambitious *Saul*.

Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun

See *Proger's* Bastard fill the Regal Throne.

So

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 123

So Heaven says; but *Bran-down* says he shall,

But who e'er he protects is sure to fall.

Who can more certain of Destruction be,

Then he that trusts to such a Rogue as he ?

What good can come from him who ^{(look,} *Tork* for-

T'espouse the Interest of this booby Duke ?

But who the best of Masters could desert,

Is the most fit to take a Traytor's part.

Ungrateful ! This thy Master-piece of sin,

Exceed ev'n that with which thou didst begin,

Thou great Proficient in the Trade of *Hell*,

Whose latter Crimes still do thy first excel :

The very top of Villany we seize,

By steps in order, and by just degrees.

None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,

The murder'd Boy to Treason led the way ;

But when degrees of Villany we name,

How can we chuse but think on *Buckingham* ?

He

124 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

He who through all of [them] has boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.

His treasur'd Sins of Supererogation,
Swell to a sum enough to damn a Nation :

But he must here *per* force be let alone,
His Acts require a Volume of their own :

Where rank'd in dreadful order shall appear,
All his Exploits from *Shrewsbury* to *Le Meer*.

But stay, methinks I on a sudden find
My Pen to treat of th' other Sex inclin'd :

But where in all this choice shall I begin ?
Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine* ?

For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth
And Bawds and Statesmen grow in plenty there, ^{(bear,}

To thee submit and yield, should we be just
To thy experienc'd and well-travel'd Lust :

Thy well-known Merits claim that thou
First in the glorious Roll of Infamy. ^{(should't be}

To

By the F. of ROCHESTER. 125

To thee they all give place, and Homage pay

Do all thy Letherous Decrees obey ;

Thou Queen of Lust, the Bawdy Subjects they.

While *Sussex*, *Burghill*, *Betty Felton* come,

Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne ;

For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more

Than be anointed the Imperial Whore ?

For tell me in all *Europe*, where's the part,

That is not conscious of thy Lewd desert.

The great *Pelean* Youth, whose conquests

O'er all the World, and travel'd with the Sun,

Made not his Valour to more Nations known,

Then thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust hast

All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come

(Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless

Thou Sea of Lust, that never ebb dost know,

Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.

Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,

Thou highest, last degree of Lechery :

For

125 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

For in all Ages except her and you,
 Whoever sin'd so high, and stoop'd so low?
 She to the Imperial Bed each Night did use
 To bring the stink of the exhausted Stews;
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home.
 But thou to our admiring Age dost show
 More sin, than innocent *Rome* did ever know;
 And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,
 Tak'st up with Devil, having tir'd Man.
 For what is else that loathsome ugly black,
 Which you and *Sussex* in your Arms did take?
 Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast
 Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past:
 Tho' on thy Head, Gray Hairs, like *Etna's* Snow,
 Are shed, thou Art Fire and Brimstone below;
 Thou monstrous thing, in whom ^{rage,} at once did
 The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.

My

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 126

My Lady Har^{riot} takes the second place,
Proud with thy favour, and peculiar grace;
Even she with all her Piety and Zeal,
The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.
Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire
The lustful Seeds of thy contagious fire:
So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
Last and Devotion, Zeal and Lechery.
Of what Important use Religion's made,
By those who wisely drive the cheating-Trade!
As Wines prohibited, securely pass,
Changing the Name of their own native Place.
So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotions name,
Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame:
Where ever too much Sanctity you see,
Be more suspicious of hid Villainy.
Whose'er's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more
If Man suspect him Rogue; if Woman Whore:

And

128 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

And such a thing art thou, religious H^y-de,
So very Lew'd, and yet so Sanctify'd.

Let now the Dutchess take no further care,
Of numerous Stallions let her not despair,
Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
To send her *Bromeley*, H^y-de and *Mazarine* ;
This last doth banish'd *Monmouth*'s place supply
And Wit supplanted is by Lechery.

For *Monmouth* she had Parts, and Wit, and
To all which *Mazarine* has no pretence ;
A proof that since such things as she prevail,
Her Highness Head is lighter, than her Tail.
But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
The common Theam of ev'ry Rhiming Sot ;
She'll after railing make us Laugh a while,
For at her Folly, who can Chuse but smile ?
Whilst them who always flight her, great she
And so much Pains to be despis'd she takes,

Goes

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 129

Goes sauntering with her Highness up to Town,
To an old play, and in the dark comes down ;
Still makes her Court to her, as to the Queen,
But still is justled out by *Mazarine*.

So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
Than even she, who her from Exile brought.

O *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth* ! Not to take
The offer the great *Sund^{island}* did make ;

When cringing at thy Feet, e'en *Monmouth* ^{(bow'd}

The Golden Calf, that's worship'd by the ^{(Crowd.}

But thou for *York*, who now despises thee,

To leave both him and pow'rful *Shaftsbury*.

If this is all the Policy you know,

This all the skill in States you boast of so,

How wisely did thy Countrys Laws ordain,

Never to let the foolish Woman reign ?

But what must we expect, who daily see

Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by Unthinking thee ?

A

SATYR.

Which the King took out of his
Pocket.

PReserv'd by wonder in the Oak ^{o!} C—s
(Albemarle

And then brought in by the Duke of

The first by providence, the next all Devil,

Show's thour't a Compound made of Good

(and Evil,
The Bad we've too long known, the Good's

(to come.
But not expected till the day of Doom,

Was ever Prince's Soul so meanly Poor,

To be a Slave to every little Whore?

The Seamans Needle nimbly points the Pole

But thine still turns to every craving Hole ;

Which Wolf-like in that Breast raw Flesh de-

(vours,
And must be fed all reasons and all Hours.

C—is

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 131

C--is the Mansion House where thou dost dwell,
But thou art fix'd as Fortoise to her shell,
Whose Head peeps out a little now and then
To take the Air, and then creeps in again.
Strong is thy Lust, in C---thou'rt always diving,
And I dare say thou pray'st to Die a *Suring*
How poorly squanderst thou thy seed away,
Who should get Kings for Nation to obey?
But thou Poor Prince so uselessly hast sown it,
That the Creation is asham'd to own it;
Witness the Royal Lives sprang from the Belly
Of thy Anointed Princess *Madam Nelly*,
Whose first Employment was with open Throat
To cry fresh Herrings even ten a Groat;
Then was by *Madam Ross* expos'd to Town,
I mean to those who would give half a Crown:
Next in the *Play-House* she took her degree,
As Men Commence at University,

132 - *Miscellaneous V V O R K,*

No Doctors till they've Masters been before
So she no Player was, till first a Whore

Look back and see the People Mad with Rage,
To see the Bitch in such an Equipage ;

And every Day that they the Monster see,

They let ten thousand Curses fly at Thee :

Aloud
~~Aloud~~ in Publick streets they use thee thus,
And none dare Check'em they're so Numerous.

Stopping the Bank in Thee was only Great,
But in a subject it had been a Cheat.

To pay thy Debts what Summ can'st thou ad-
(vance,
Now thy Exchequer is remov'd to *France*,

T'inrich a Harlot all made up of *French*,

Not worthy to be call'd a Whore, but Wench,

~~And~~
C—d indeed deserves that Noble Name,

Whose monstrous Lechery exceeds all Fame ;

The Empress *Messaline* was cloy'd with Lust at

But you could never satisfie this Beast :
(last,

By the E. of ROCHESTER. 133

~~C~~^{Clarendon}—d I say is much to be admir'd,

Altho' she ne're was satisfi'd or tyr'd.

Full Forty Men a Day provided for this Whore,

Yet Like a Bitch she waggs her Tail for more,

Where are the Bishops now, where is their

Instead of Pennance they indulge the Sport ;
(Bawdy Court,

For standing in white sheets their Courage cools,

And's only fit for French-Men and for Fools.

O ! Heavens ! Wer't thou for this loose Life

Are there no Gods, nor Laws to be observ'd ?
(preserv'd

Niniveh Repented after Forty days ;

Be yet a King, and wear the Royal Bays :

But *Jonas* threats will ne'er awaken Thee,

Repentance is too mean for Majesty.

Go Practice *Heliogabalus's* Sin

Forget to be a Man, and learn to Spin ;

Go Dally with the Women, on their Wheels,

Till *Nero* like they Pull thee out by th' Heels:

134 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Go Read what *Mahomet* did (that was a thing
 Did well become the Grandeur of a King)
 Who all transported with his Mistress charms,
 And never pleas'd but in her lovely Arms ;
 Yet when his *Janizaries* wish't her Dead,
 With his own hand cut off *Jrene's* head :
 Make such a Practise with thy self as this,
 Then thou may'st once more tast of happiness ;
 Each one will Love Thee and the Parliament
 Will their unkind and stubborn Votes repent,
 And at your Feet lay open all their Purfes,
 And give you all their Prayers unmix'd with
 (Curfes.
 All this I wish, altho' I'm not your Friend,
 Till like ^a Child you promise to amend ;
 If not, you'l find your subjects Rugged stuff,
 But now I think on't, I have said enough.

*The End of the E. of ROCHESTER's
 WORKS.*

A N



A N

ALPHABETICAL-TABLE,

To the E. of *Rochester's WORKS.*

A.

A ddition to the Satyr against Man. Pag.	1.
Answer to the Defence of Satyr.	12
Anacreontic.	61

C.

The Commons Petition, with the King's Answer.	67
To the Criticks.	84

D.

The Dispute.	99
--------------	----

H.

His Farewell to the Court.	
Horace's 10th Satyr of the First Book Imitated.	18

I.

The Imperfect Enjoyment.	15
—Incouragement.	62

L.

To a Lady who accus'd him of Inconstancy.	46
Letter to him.	79
Lais Senior.	102

To

An Alphabetical-Table, &c.

M.

<i>To a false Mistress.</i>	91
<i>To his Mistress.</i>	32
<i>Against Marriage, a Satyr.</i>	79

P.

<i>Panegyrick on Nelly.</i>	27
<i>Perfect Enjoyment.</i>	63
<i>Prologue.</i>	75
<i>Portsmouth's Looking-Glass.</i>	112

Q.

<i>Queen of H——</i>	5
---------------------	---

R.

<i>The Restauration.</i>	84
<i>The Romish Pardons.</i>	97
<i>The Royal Angler.</i>	106

S.

SONG.	8
SONG.	11
<i>Sodom (on the Author of it)</i>	77
<i>Satyr.</i>	100
<i>Satyr.</i>	102
<i>Satyr on King Charles the Second.</i>	
<i>Satyr which the King took out of his Pocket.</i>	120

T.

<i>Tunbridge VVells, a Satyr.</i>	35
-----------------------------------	----

VV.

<i>On the Women about Town</i>	10
<i>Woman's Usurpation.</i>	49
<i>The Nature of Women.</i>	53

The WORKS of the E. of Roscomon.

FINIS.



THE POETICAL
WORKS
OF

The Right Honourable

THE
EARL of ROSCOMMON.

Dillon (W)

With a Collection of Miscellaneous POEMS
by the Most Eminent Hands.

Never before Printed.

THE
GHOST
Of the Old
HOUSE of COMMONS

TO THE
New One, *Appointed to meet*
at Oxford 1682.

FROM deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow Pains, and
(Spite)
I have been sent to tell you Tender Youth,
A Seasonable and Important Truth!

4 *POEMS by the Earl of Roscommon.*

I feel (but, Oh! too late) that no Disease
Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Ease,
And of all other, the most Tempting Things
Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent
(Kings.

None, ever was superlatively ill,
But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill:
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been
fair,

Grow Knaves by Use and Rebels by Despair;
My Time is past, and Yours will soon begin,
Keep the first Blossoms from the Blast of Sin;
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous Ways,
Preserve your Self, and bring Serener Days.

The Busie, Subtil Serpents of the Law,
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw;
While I did Limits to the King prescribe,
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,
I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew Seditious for Variety;

All



All that oppos'd me, were to be accus'd;
 And by the Laws I legally abus'd,
 The Robe was summon'd *Maynard* in the Head,
 In Legal Murder none so deeply read;
 I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood
 Stain'd with the (yet Un-expiated) Blood
 Of the Brave *Strafford*, when three Kingdoms
 (rung
 With his Accumulative *Hackney*-Tongue;
 Pris'ners and Witnessles were waiting by,
 These had been taught to swear, and those to
 dye,
 And to expect their Arbitrary Fates,
 Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates.
 To fright the People and alarm the Town,
Bedloe and *Oates*-employ'd the Reverend Gown.
 But while the Triple Mitre bore the Blame,
 The King's three Crowns were their Rebellious
 Aim:
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
 And took for mine the *Bathels* and the *Wards*:

6 POEMS by the Earl of Roscommon.

Anti-Monarchick Hereticks of State,
Immoral Atheists, Rich and Reprobate :
But above all I got a little Guide,
Who every Ford of Villany had try'd ;
None knew so well the Old Pernicious Way,
To ruin Subjects and make Kings obey ;
And my small *Jehu* at a Furious Rate,
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight*.
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.
All that this happy Island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.
In his whole Paradise one only Tree
He had excepted by a strict Decree ;
A Sacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear,
Yet it in Pieces I conspir'd to tear ,
Beware my Child ! Divinity is there.
This so undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more.

My

POEMS by the Earl of Roscommon. 7

My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death,
And I, with all my Sins about me hurl'd,
To th' Utter Darknefs of the Lower World,
A Dreadful Place, which you too soon will see,
If you believe Seducers more than me.

THE
PRAYER
OF
JEREMY
Paraphras'd.

*Prophetically Representing the
Passionate Grief of the Jewish
People, for the Loss of their
Town and Sanctuary.*

By the SAME.

I
STand Sun of Justice-----Sov'reign God---
(Most High,
In *Libra* fix thy Bench of Equity
And weigh our Case-----

Look

Look down on Earth: nay look as low agen
As we're inferior to the rest of Men;
We wretched, once like thy Archangels, bright
Are cast down headlong with diminisht light.
So Meteors fall and as they downwards fly
Leave a long Train of less'ning Light and die.

II.

Then let that other smoother Face of thine,
The Sun of Justice take its turn and shine.
If not alone, at least to mix Allays,
And streak thy Justice with alternate Rays,
To see and pity our Distress, for Oh !
As thou'rt exalted our Condition's low.

III.

Houses, Estates, our Temple and our Town
Which God and Birthright long had made our
 (own,
To barb'rous Nations now are fall'n a Prey,
And we from all we love are torn away.

Thus

Thus early Orphans whilst our Fathers live
 We know no Comfort, they no Comfort give;
 Our Mothers are but Widows under Chains,
 Of Wedlock, and of all their Nuptial Gains,
 None of the Mother but the Pangs remains.
 Famisht with Want we Wilds and Deserts tread
 And fainting wander for our needful Bread,
 Where Wolves and Tygars round in Ambush
 (ly,
 And Hosts with naked Swords stand threat-
 (ning by,
 But keener Hunger, more a Beast of Prey
 More sharp than these more ravenous than
 (they,
 Thro' Swords, and Wolves & Tygres breaks
 (our bitter way.)

IV.

The Fowls and Beasts, and ev'ry silvan kind
 Down to the meanest Insects Heav'n design'd,
 To

To be the Slaves of Man, were always free
Of Waters, Woods, and common Air, but we;
We Slaves and Beasts, and more than Insects
(Vile
That half born wanton on the Banks of Nile,
Are glad to buy the Leavings they can spare
Of Waters, Woods and the more common Air.

V.

With loads of Chains our Foes pursue their
(stroke
And lugg our aking Necks beneath their Yoke
No Intermission gives the weary Breath,
But endless Drudging drags us on to Death.
Our Cries ascend and like a Trumpet blow
All *Egypt* and *Affyria* hears our Woe ;
Here Nights we labor, there whole Days we
(sweat,
And barely earn the heartless Bread we eat.

VI.

VI.

Our old Forefathers fin'd, and are no more,
They pawn'd their Children to defray their
 (score ;
O happy they, by Death from Suffering freed,
But all our Fathers Scourges lash their seed.
Vengeance at which great Zion's Entrails
 (shakes
Shoots thro' the Inmost of the Soul and rakes,
Where Pride lurks deepest, there we feel our
 (Pain ;
Our Slaves are Masters and our Menials reign,
Whilst we unrescu'd send our Cries around
To find Relief but no Relief is found.

VII.

**Look on our Cheeks and in each Furrow trace
A Storm of Famine driving on our Face.**

The

The Scorching Tempest let's its Fury go,
And pours upon us in a burst of Woe.
The Signs of conscious Guilt our Brows im-
(part,
Black as our Sin, and harden'd as our Heart.

VIII.

From *Zion's* Mount the humble Matrons cry,
With Mournful Ecchoes, *Judas* Maids reply,
Our great Ones fall beneath their sweeping
(Hand

E'en venerable Age cannot withstand
 Their impious Scoffs, our Youth in bloomy
 (Prime,
 Compell'd submit to their undecent Crime,
 And Children whelm'd with Labour, fall
 (before their Time.

Thus Prince and People, Infancy and Age,
Promiscuous Objects of an impious Rage;
But serve to haunt us whereſoe'er we go,
With horrid Scenes of Universal Woe.

IX. Old

IX.

Old Men no more in *Zion*'s Council sit,
 Nor Young in Conforts of her Musick meet;
 Such foolish Change fond Profligates devise,
 The Old turn Singers, and the Young advise;
 Perverted Order to Confusion runs,
 And all our Dwindling Musick ends in Groans;
Zion, thy Ancient Glories are decay'd,
 Thy Lawrels wither, and thy Garlands fade;
 O Sin! 'tis thou hast this Destruction made.

X.

'Tis *Zion* then, 'tis *Zion* we deplore,
 For her we grieve, for *Zion* is no more;
 Our Eyes condole in Tears, and joyntly smart
 With all the Anguish of an aking Heart:
 For who can hold, to see the woful Sight,
 All Nations Envy, and the World's Delight,
 Now grown a Desert, where the Foxes range,
 And howling Wolves Lament the Dismal
 (Change.

But

XI.

But Thou, Unshaken God shalt ever be ;
Thy Throne stands fast upon Eternity ;
Then must we thus by Thee forsaken lie,
Or lost for ever, in Oblivion die ?
Turn but to us, O Lord, we'll mend our Ways,
Oh ! once Restore the Joys of Ancient Days,
E'en tho' we seem the Outcasts of thy Care,
Refuse of Death, and Gleanings of the War,
Resume the Father, and let Sinners know,
Thy Mercy's greater than thy People's Woe.

ON THE
DAY of JUDGMENT.

By the SAME.

I.

THe Day of Wrath, that Dreadful Day,
Which shall the ^{whole} World in Ashes lay,
Is Coming----- will not, cannot stay.
as David and the Sybil say.

II.

The last loud Trumper's wond'rous Sound,
Shall through the cleaving Graves rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

III.

Nature and Death shall, with Surprise,
Behold the Conscious Wretches Rise,
And View their Judge with frighted Eyes.

IV. Then

IV.

Then shall, with Universal Dread,
The Sacred Mystick Rolls be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

V.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne,
But when he makes all Secrets known;
How will a Guilty Face be shown?

VI.

What Intercessor shall I take,
To save my last Important stake,
When the most Just have Cause to Quake?

VII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Mercy and Truth's Eternal Spring,
Some Charitable Pity bring.

VIII.

Forget not what my Ransom cost,
Nor let my Dear bought Soul be lost,
In Storms of Guilty Terrour tost.

IX.

Thou who for me hast felt such Pain,
Whose Precious Blood the Cross did stain;
Let not thy Birth and Death be vain.

X.

Thou whom avenging Powers obey,
Remit, before the Reckoning Day,
The Debt which I can never pay.

XI.

Surrounded with Amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep; Accept my Tears.

XII.

XII.

Thou who wast mov'd with *Mary's* Grief,
And by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hopes, Oh! give Relief.

XIII.

Oh! let thy Blood my Crimes deface,
And fix me with those Heirs of Grace,
Whom Thou on thy Right-Hand shalt Place.

XIV.

From that Portentous Vast Abyfs,
Where Flames devour and Serpents hiss,
Call me to thy Eternal Bliss.

XV.

Prostrate, my Contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVI.

When Justice shall her Sword unsheath,
How will they curse their second Breath,
Who rise to a severer Death?

Great God of Mercies pitty take,
On Souls thou didst *Immortal* make,
Nor let their State be that of Woe,
Which must, if once, be ever So.

An

An Imitation of
HORACE.

Lib. I. Ode XXII.

Integer Vita, &c.

I.

Virtue (Dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms, but it's own Innocence ;
Quivers and Bows, and Poison'd Darts,
Are only Us'd by Guilty Hearts.

II.

An Honest Mind, Safely alone
May Travel through the Burning Zone,
Or through the Deepest *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

III.

III.

While rul'd by a Resistless Fire,
Our Great * *Orinda* I admire
The Hungry Wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

Mrs. Katherine
Philips.

IV.

Let me in the Remotest Place,
That ever *Neptune* did Embrace,
When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so Blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Lybian* Plain,
So she my Fancy Entertain,
And when the Thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay Homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of *Orinda's* Name,
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But, if that Mighty Word I once Rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

A

PARAPHRASE

On the 148th. Psalm.

I.

O Azure Vaults! O Crystal Sky!
The World's transparent Canopy,
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know
With what Contempt you look on things be-
(low.

II.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who Conquer whereso'er you are,
Let Ecchoing Anthems make his Praises
(known,
On Earth, his Footstool, as in Heav'n his
(Throne.

Great Eye of all, whose Glorious Ray,
Rules the bright Empire of the Day.

III.

III.

O Praise his Name, without whose purer
 (Light,
 Thou hadst been hid in an Abyſs of Night :
 The Moon and Planets who diſpence,
 By God's Command your Influence.

IV.

Deſign to him, as your Créator, due,
 That Vénération which Men pay to you ;
 Faireſt, as well as Firſt of Things,
 From whom all Joy ; all Beauty ſprings.

V.

O Praise the Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
 Who uſeth Thee for his Empyrial Robe ;
 Praise him ye loud Harmonious Spheres,
 Whoſe Sacred Stamp all Nature bears.

VI.

VWho did all Forms from the Rude *Chaos*
 (draw,
 And whoſe Command is th' Universal Law ;
 The

The Watry Mountains of the Sky,
And you so far above our Eye.

VII.

Vast ever-moving Orbs, Exalt his Name;
Who gave its Being to your Glorious Frame;
Ye Dragons, whose Contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death.

VIII.

Change your fierce Hissing into Joyful Song,
And Praise your Maker with your forked
(Tongue;
Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep,
That in the Sea's Vast Bottom sleep.

IX.

At whose Command the Foaming Billows
(roar,
Yet know their Limits, tremble and adore,
The Mists and Vapors, Hail and Snow,
And you who through the Concave blow.

X.

Swift Executors of his Holy VVord,
Whirlwinds and Tempests praise th' Almighty Lord,
Mountains, who to your Maker's View,
Seem less than Mole-hills do to you.

XI.

Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,
All Heaven was Fire, and *Sinai* did smoak;
Praise him Sweet Off-spring of the Ground,
With Heav'nly Nectar yearly Crown'd.

XII.

And the tall Cedars celebrate his Praise,
That in his Temple Sacred Altar's raise,
Idle Musicians of the Spring,
Whose only Care's to Love and Sing.

XIII.

Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling
(Throat,
Praise your Creator with the Sweetest Note,
Praise

Praise him each Salvage, Furious Beast,
That on his Stores do daily Feast.

XIV.

And you tam'd Slaves of the Laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow :
Majestick Monarchs, mortal Gods,
Whose Power hath here no Periods.

XV.

May all Attempts against your Crown be
(vain,
But still remember by whose Power you
(reign ;
Let the wide World his Praises Sing,
Where *Tagus*, and *Euphrates* Spring.

XVI.

And from the *Danubes*'s frosty Banks, to those,
Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus*
(flows,
You that dispose of all our Lives,
Praise him from whom your Power derives.

XVII.

Be true and Just like him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praise him old Monuments of Time,
O Praise him in your Youthful Prime.

XVIII.

Praise him fair Idols of our greedy Sence,
Exalt his Name, sweet Age of Innocence :

Jehovah's Name shall only last,
When Heaven, Earth and all is past.

XIX.

Nothing, great God, is to be found in Thee,
But unconceivable Eternity ;

Exalt, O *Jacob's* sacred Race,
The God of Gods, the God of Grace.

Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,
And with his Glory recompence your Praise.

T H E

T H E
G R O V E.

A H happy Grove! Dark and secure Re-
(treat,
Of Sacred Silence, Rest's Eternal Seat,*
How well your Cool and Unfrequented Shade
Suits with the Chast Retirements of a Maid.
O! If kind Heaven had been so much my
(Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend ;
All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elizium* should be mine.
Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those *Idols* which their Fancy made ;
Purchasing Riches, with our Time and Care,
We lose our Freedom in a Gilded Snare ;

And

30 POEMS by the Earl of Roscommon.

And having all, all to our selves refuse,
Oppres'd with Blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an inconstant Good,
Vain are the Boasted Titles of our Blood;
We soonest lose what we most highly Prize,
And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty
(dies.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our
(Store,
If our Abundance makes us wish for more.
How happy is the harmless Country Maid,
Who Rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid!
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eye invite,
But like her Soul, preserves the Native white;
Whose little Store, her well taught Mind does
(please,
Not pinch'd with Want, nor clog'd with
(wanton Ease.
Who free from Storms, which on the Great
(Ones fall,
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all;
No

No Care but Love can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best,
Whil'st on sweet Grass her Bleating Charge
(does lie,

Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,
Under some favorite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They speak their Passions in repeated Vows;
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful Heart makes as severe Returns.
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And whilst they live, their Flames can never die.

The speech of Tom ROSS'S

G H O S T.

to his pupil The Duke of Monmouth.

S Hame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
Base as thy Mother's prostituted Womb,
Huffing to Cowards, Fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to cred'lous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayed, and the People's Slave.

Like

32 POEMS by the Earl of Roscommon:

Like *Samuel* at thy Negromantick Call,
 I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, *Saul*.
 I strove in vain thy infected Blood to cure;
 Streams will run muddy when the Springs
 In all your Meritorious Life we see, (impure.
 Old *Taff's* ^{*} invincible Sobriety;
 Place of the Master of the Horse, and Spy,
 You like *Tom Howard* did at once supply;
 From *Sidney's* [†] Blood your Loyalty did spring,
 You show us all your Parents but the King:
 From whose too tender and too bounteous
 (Arms,
 Unhappy he who such a Viper warms.
 As Dutiful a Subject as a Son,
 To your true Parent the whole Town you run.
 Read if you can how th' old Apostate fell
 Out-do his Pride, and merit more than Hell.
 Both he and you were Glorious and Bright,
 The first and fairest of the Sons of Light.
 But when like him you offer'd at the Crown,
 Like him, your angry Father kick'd you Down.

* *Shaftsbury*

† *Algernon Sidney*



The Preface.

THE
PREFACE.

I Have seldom known a Trick succeed, and will put none upon the Reader; but tell him plainly, that I think it could never be more seasonable than now, to lay down such Rules, as, if they be observ'd, will make Men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: But Horace must be read seriously, or not at all, for else the Reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my Labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the Meaning, and the Words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive, if he were alive; and I have often ask'd my self that Question. I know this is a Field,

Per quem Magnus Equos Arunci flexit
Alumnus.

A a

Bw

But with all the respect due to the Name of Ben. Johnson, to which no Man pays more Veneration than I, it cannot be deny'd, that the Constraint of Rhyme, and a literal Translation, (to which Horace in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many Places.

My chief Care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a Line or two to explain it.

I am below the Envy of the Criticks, but if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace ow'd his Favour and his Fortune to the Character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanus & Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that in their Golden Age, there was a good Understanding among the Ingenious, and those who were the most esteem'd, were the best Natur'd.

ROSCOMMON.



I

OF THIS
TRANSLATION,
AND OF THE
USE of *POETRY*,
BY

EDM. WALLER, *Esq*;

Rome was not better by her *Horace* taught,
Than we are here, to comprehend his
(Thought:
The Poet writ to Noble *Piso* there,
A Noble *Piso* does instruct us here;
Gives us a Pattern in his flowing Stile,
And with rich Precepts does oblige our Isle.
Britain, whose Genius is in Verse exprest,
Bold and sublime, but negligently drest.

2 *The USE of POETRY,*

Horace will our superfluous Branches prune,
Give us new Rules, and set our Harp in tune ;
Direct us how to back the winged Horse,
Favour his Flight, and moderate his Force.
Though Poets may of Inspiration boast,
Their Rage ill-govern'd, in the Clouds is lost :
He that proportion'd Wonders can disclose,
At once his Fancy, and his Judgment shows.

Chast moral Writing we may learn from
Neglect of which, no Wit can recompence :
(hence,
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
That sacred Stream should never water Weeds,
Nor make the Crop of Thorns and Thistles grow,
Which Envy, or perverted Nature sow.

Well-sounding Verses are the Charm we use,
Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuse.
Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,
But they move more, in lofty Numbers told :

By



By Edm. Waller, *Esq*; 3

By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound, as well as Sense perswades.

The Muse's Friend, unto himself severe,
With silent Pity, looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a publick Action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal Lines;
Whether it be in Counsel, or in Fight,
His Country's Honour is his chief Delight:
Praise of great Acts, he scatters as a Seed,
Which may the like in coming Ages breed.

Here taught the Fate of Verses, always priz'd
With Admiration, or as much despis'd:
Men will be less indulgent to their Faults,
And Patience have, to cultivate their Thoughts;
Poets lose half the Praise they should have got,
Could it be known, what they discreetly blot,
Finding new Words, - that to the ravish'd Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear,

4 *The USE of POETRY,*

Such as of Old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd Men their wild Retreats forsake ;
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,
And raising Cities with their charming Lutes,
For rudest Minds, with Harmony were caught,
And civil Life was by the Muses taught.

So wand'ring Bees would perish in the Air,
Did not a Sound, proportion'd to their Ear ,
Appease their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the Flowers, and to forbear the Spoil,
Preserv'd in Winter by their Summers Toil.
They give us Food, which may with Nectar Vie,
And Wax, that does the absent Sun supply.

HORACE.

HORACE

OF THE

ART of POETRY.

IF in a Picture (*Piso*) you should see
 A handsome Woman with a Fishes Tail,
 Or a Man's Head upon a Horse's Neck,
 Or Limbs of Beasts of the most different Kinds,
 Cover'd with Feathers of all Sorts of Birds,
 Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
 Trust me, that Book is as ridiculous,
 Whose incoherent Stile (like sick Mens Dreams)
 Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extreames.
 Painters and Poets have been still allow'd,

A a 4

Their

Their Pencils, and their Fancies unconfin'd.

This Priviledge we freely give and take ;

But Nature, and the Common Laws of Sense,

Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,

Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,

And hungry Tygers court the tender Lambs :

Some that at first have promis'd mighty things,

Applaud themselves, when a few florid Lines

Shine through th' insipid Dulness of the rest :

Here they describe a Temple, or a Wood,

Or Streams that through delightful Meadows

And there the Rainbow, or the rapid Rhine ; ^{(run,}

But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,

And are as much to seek in other things,

As he that only can design a Tree,

Would be to draw a Shipwreck, or a Storm ;

When you begin with so much Pomp and Show,

Why is the End so little and so low ?

Be

Be what you will, so you be still the same,
Most Poets fall into the grossest Faults,
Deluded by a seeming Excellence :
By striving to be short, they grow obscure,
And when they would write smoothly, they want
Their Spirits sink ; while others, that affect ^{(Strength,}
A lofty Stile, swell to a Tympany ;
Some timorous Wretches start at every Blast,
And fearing Tempest, dare not leave the Shore ;
Others in Love with wild Variety,
Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood.
Thus fear of Erring, join'd with want of Skill,
Is a most certain way of Erring still.
The meanest Workman in the *Æmilian* Square,
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun ;
What is there more ridiculous than he ?
For one or two good Features in a Face,
Where

8 *The ART of POETRY,*

Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
Let Poets match their Subject to their Strength,
And often try what Weight they can support,
And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear,
After a serious and judicious Choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail;
As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muse should be indulg'd
In her full Flight, and when she should be curb'd.
Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with Skill,
You gain your Point, if your industrious Art
Can make unusual Words easie and plain;
But (if you write of things abstruse or new)
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
(So it be seldom and discreetly done)
But he that hopes to have new Words allow'd,
Must

By the Earl of Roscommon, 9

Must so derive them from the *Græcian* Spring,
As they may seem to flow without Constraint.
Can an impartial Reader discommend
In *Varus*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes?
In *Plautus* or *Cæcilius*? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When *Ennius* and *Cato's* copious Stile
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our Tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have leave,
To coin new Words well suited to the Age:
Words are like Leaves, some wither every Year,
And every Year a younger Race succeeds.
Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate;
The *Lucrine* Mole (*Cæsar's* stupendous Work)
Protects our Navies from the raging North;
And (since *Cethegus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)
We Plow and Reap where former Ages row'd.
See how the *Tyber*, whose licentious Waves

So

10 *The ART of POETRY,*

So often overflow'd the neighbouring Fields,
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive Course,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's Command;
Yet this and they, and all will be forgot;
Why then should Words challenge Eternity,
When greatest Men, and greatest Actions die?
Use may revive the obsoletest Words,
And banish those that now are most in Vogue:
Use is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech.
Homer first taught the World in Epick Verse,
(To write of great Commanders, and of Kings,
Elegies were at first design'd for Grief,
Though now we use them to express our Joy)
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,
Is undecided by the Men of Skill.
Rage with Iambicks, arm'd *Archilocus*
Numbers for Dialogue and Action fit,
And Favourites of the Dramatick Muse.

Fierce,

Fierce, Lofty, Rapid, whose commanding Sound
Awes the tumultuous Noises of the Pit,
And whose peculiar Province is the Stage.
Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns,
Love's pleasing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine,
Are proper Subjects for the Lyrick Song.
Why is he Honour'd with a Poet's Name,
Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule?
And chuses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his Ignorance, and learn.
Let every thing have its due Place and Time.
A Comick Subject loves an humble Verse,
Tbyestes scorns a low and Comick Stile:
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her Voice,
And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too, lay by their State to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling, and Gigantick Words.

He

12 *The ART of POETRY,*

He that would have Spectators share his Grief,
Must write not only well, but movingly,
And raise Mens Passions to what height he will;
We Weep and Laugh, as we see others do,
He only makes me sad, who shews the way,
And first is sad himself, then (*Telephus*)
I feel the Weight of your Calamities,
And fancy all your Miseries my own;
But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh:
Your looks must needs alter, as your Subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe,
For Nature forms, and softens us within,
And writes our Fortunes Changes in our Face.
Pleasure enchants, impetuous Rage transports,
And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul,
And these are all interpreted by Speech;
But he whose Words and Fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpitied, grows a publick Jest.

Observe

Observe the Characters of those that speak,
Whether an honest Servant, or a Cheat ;
Or one whose Blood boils in his youthful Veins,
Or a grave Matron, or a busie Nurse,
Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,
Argives, or *Thebans*, *Asians*, or *Greeks*.
Follow Report, or feign coherent things,
Describe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all Judges, and all Law but Arms :
Medæa must be all Revenge and Blood,
Io all Tears, *Ixion* all Deceit,
Io must wander, and *Orestes* mourn :
If your bold Muse dare Tread unbeaten Paths,
And bring new Characters upon the Stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first Height.
New Subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better chuse a well-known Theam,
Than

Than trust to an Invention of your own;
For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some Justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor Word for Word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile Imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy Rules,
As they must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the Laws of Decency renounce:
Begin not as th' old Poetafter did;
(*Troy's famous War, and Priam's Fate, I sing*)
In what will all this Ostentation end?
The labouring Mountain scarce brings forth a
(*Mouſe:*)
How far is this from the *Meonian* Stile?
Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, such change of Manners saw.
One with a Flash begins, and ends in Smoak,
The

'The other out of Smoak, brings glorious Light;
And (without raising Expectation high)
Surprizes us with darling Miracles,
The bloody *Lestrygon's* inhuman Feasts,
With all the Monsters of the Land and Sea ;
How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roar'd:
He doth not trouble us with *Leda's* Eggs,
When he begins to write the *Trojan* War ;
Nor writing the Return of *Diomed*,
Go back as far as *Meleager's* Death.
Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
Insensibly acquaints us with the Plot ;
He chooses only what he can improve,
And Truth and Fiction are so aptly mix'd,
That all seems uniform, and of a Piece.
Now hear what every Auditor expects ;
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The Epilogue, and see the Curtain fall,

Mind how our Tempers alter with our Years,
And by those Rules, from all your Characters :
One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves childish Plays, is soon provok'd and
And changes every Hour his wavering Mind. ^{(pleas'd,}
A Youth that first casts off his Tutor's Yoke,
Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sports, and Exer-
Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof, ^{(cise,}
Proud, Careless, Fond, Inconstant, and Profuse.
Gain and Ambition rule our riper Years,
And make us Slaves to Interest and Power.
Old Men are only walking Hospitals,
Where all Defects, and all Diseases croud
With restless Pain, and more tormenting Fear,
Lazy, Morose, full of Delays and Hopes,
Opprest with Riches, which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
And fond of all the Follies of the past.

Thus

Thus all the Treasure of our flowing Years,
 Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have th' ambitious Care of Men,
 Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age:
 Some Things are acted, others only told;
 But what we hear, moves less than what we see:
 Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,
 But Auditors must trust their Ears and you;
 Yet there are Things improper for a Scene,
 Which Men of Judgment only will relate.
Medæa must not draw her murdering Knife,
 And spill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage,
 Nor *Atreus* there his horrid Feast prepare,
Cadmus's and *Progne's Metamorphosis*,
 (She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
 And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
 I hate to see, and never can believe.
 Five Acts are the just Measure of a Play,

18 *The ART of POETRY,*

Never presume to make a God appear,
 But for a Business worthy of a God,
 And in one Scene no more than three should
 (speak.
 A Chorus should supply what Action wants,
 And hath a generous and manly part ;
 Bridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honesty,
 And strict Observance of impartial Laws,
 Sobriety, Security, and Peace,
 And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortune's
 (Wheel,
 To raise the Wretched, and pull down the
 (Proud.
 (But nothing must be fung between the Acts,
 But what some way conduces to the Plot.)
 First the shrill Sound of a small rural Pipe,
 (Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
 Was Entertainment for the Infant Stage,
 And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience
 Of our well-meaning, frugal Ancestors.
 But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,
 And

And Men (grown wanton by Prosperity)
Studied new Arts of Luxury and Ease,
The Verse, the Musick, and the Scenes improv'd;
For how should Ignorance be judge of Wit,
Or Men of Sense applaud the Jest of Fools?
Then came rich Cloths and graceful Action in,
Then Instruments were taught more moving
And Eloquence, with all her Pomp and Charms, (Notes,
Foretold as useful and sententious Truths,
As those delivered by the *Delphick* God:
The first Tragedians found that serious Stile
Too grave for their uncultivated Age,
And so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,
(Whose Motion, Words, and Shape were all a
(Farce)
(As oft as Decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable Rout,
Full of Confusion, and the Fumes of Wine,
Lov'd such Variety, and antick Tricks.

But then they did not wrong themselves so
To make a God, a Hero, or a King, (much,
(Stripp'd of his Golden Crown, and purple
(Robe)
Descend to a Methanick Dialect,
Nor (to avoid such Meanness) soaring high,
With empty Sound, and airy Notions fly ;
For Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimick Follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron would to dance with Girls.
You must not think that a Satyrick Stile
Allows of scandalous and brutish Words,
Or the confounding of your Characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention Scope,
And if your Stile be natural and smooth,
All Men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much Pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good Method and Connexion, may
Improve the common, and the plainest Things.

A Satyr, that comes staring from the Woods,
Must not at first speak like an Orator ;
But though his Language should not be refin'd,
It must not be Obscene and Impudent ;
The better Sort abhors Scurrility,
And often censures what the Rabble likes.
Unpolish'd Verses pass with many Men,
And *Rome* is too Indulgent in that Point ;
But then, to write at a loose rambling Rate,
In hope the World will wink at all our Faults,
Is such a rash, ill-grounded Confidence,
As Men may pardon, but will never praise.
Consider well the *Greek* Originals,
Read them by Day, and think of them by
(Night.
But *Plautus* was admir'd in former time :
With too much Patience (not to call it worse)
His harsh, unequal Verse, was Musick then,
And Rudeness had the Priviledge of Wit :

22 *The ART of POETRY,*

When *Thespis* first expos'd the Tragick Muse,
 Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
 Where ghastly Faces, stain'd with Lees of Wine,
 Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Crowd :
 This *Æschylus* (with Indignation) saw,
 And built a Stage, found out a descent Dress,
 Brought Vizards in, (a civiler Disguise)
 And taught Men how to speak, and how to ^{(Act.}
 Next Comedy appear'd with great Applause,
 'Till her licentious and abusive Tongue,
 Wakened the Magistrates coercive Power,
 And forc'd it to suppress her Insolence.
 Our Writers have attempted every Way,
 And they deserve our Praise, whose daring ^{(Muse.}
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,
 And found fit Subjects for her Verse at home ;
 Nor should we be less Famous for our Wit,
 Than for the Force of our victorious Arms ;
 But

But that the Time and Care, that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright Poets from than necessary Toil.

Democritus was so in love with Wit,
And some Mens natural Impulse to write,
That he despis'd the Help of Art and Rules,
And thought none Poets, till their Brains were
(crack'd:
And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly Mad)
They Cleanliness and Company renounce;
For Lunacy, beyond the Cure of Art,
With a long Beard, and ten long dirty Nails,
Pass currant for *Apollo's* Livery.

O my unhappy Stars! if in the Spring
Some Physick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
None would have writ with more Success than I;
But I am satisfied to keep my Sense,
And only serve to whet that Wit in you,

To

24 *The ART of POETRY,*

To which I willingly resign my Claim.

Yet without writing, I may teach to write,

Tell what the Duty of a Poet is ;

Wherein his Wealth and Ornament consist,

And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd ;

What fit, what not, what excellent or ill,

Sound Judgment is the Ground of Writing
(well :

And when Philosophy directs your Choice,

To proper Subjects rightly understood,

Words from your Pen will naturally flow :

He only gives the proper Characters,

Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,

And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,

How Judges, and how Senators should act,

And what becomes a General to do ;

Those are the likeliest Copies with are drawn

By the Original of Human Life.

Sometimes in rough undigested Plays,

We

We meet with such a lucky Character,
As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,
Succeeds much better than the shallow Verse,
And chiming Trifles of more studious Pens.
Greece had a Genius, *Greece* had Eloquence;
For her Ambition and her End was Fame.
Our *Roman* Youth is bred another way,
And taught no Arts, but those of Usury;
And the glad Father glories in his Child,
When he can subdivide a Fraction.
Can Souls, who by their Parents from their Birth,
Have been devoted thus to Rust and Gain,
Be capable of high and generous Thoughts?
Can Verses writ by such an Author, live?
But you (brave Youth) wise *Numa's* worthy Heir,
Remember of what Weight your Judgment is,
And never venture to commend a Book,
That has not pass'd all Judges, and all Tests.

26 *The ART of POETRY,*

A Poet should instruct, or please, or both :
Let all your Precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready Wits may comprehend them soon,
And faithful Memories retain them long ;
For Superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your Parts,
To think you may persuade us what you please,
Or venture to bring in a Child alive,
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old Age explodes all but Morality ;
Austerity offends aspiring Youths ;
But he that joins Instructions with Delight,
Profit with Pleasure, carries all the Votes.
These are the Volumes that enrich the Shops ;
These pass with Admiration through the World,
And bring their Author an eternal Fame.
Be not too rigidly censorious,
A String may jarr in the best Master's Hand,

And

And the most skilful Archer miss his Aim :
But in a Poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight Mistake,
Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuse ;
But he that hath been often told his Fault,
And still persists, is as impertinent
As a Musician, that will always play,
And yet is always out at the same Note;
When such a positive abandon'd Fop,
(Among his numerous Absurdities)
Stumbles upon some tolerable Line,
I fret to see them in such Company,
And wonder by what Magick they came there.
But in long Works, Sleep will sometimes surprize;
Homer himself had been observ'd to nod.
Poems (like Pictures) are of different Sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near ;
Some love the Dark, some chuse the clearest
(Light,
And

And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye ;
 Some please for once, some will for ever please ;
 But *Piso* (tho' your own Experience,
 Join'd with your Father's Precepts, make you
 Remember this as an important Truth ; ^(wife)
 Some things admit of Mediocrity ;
 A Counsellor or Pleader at the Bar,
 May want *Messala's* powerful Eloquence,
 Or be less read than deep *Cassellius* ;
 Yet this indifferent Lawyer is esteem'd ;
 But no Authority of God's nor Men,
 Allow of any Mean in Poesy.
 As an ill Consort, and a course Perfume,
 Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,
 And might with more Discretion have been ^{(spar'd,}
 So Poesy, whose End is to delight,
 Admits of no Degrees, but must be still
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill.

In other things, Men have some Reason left ;
And one that cannot Dance, or Fence, or Run,
Despairing of Success, forbears to try ;
But all (without Consideration) write ;
Some thinking that th' Omnipotence of Wealth
Can turn them into Poets when they please.
But, *Piso*, you are of too quick a Sight,
Not to discern which way your Talent lies,
Or vainly struggle with your Genius ;
Yet if it ever be your Fate to write,
Let your Productions pass the strictest Hands,
Mine and the Father's, and not see the Light,
'Till Time and Care have rip'ned every Line.
What you keep by you, you may change and
But Words once spoke, can never be recall'd. (mend ;
Orpheus inspir'd by more than Human Power,
Did not (as Poets feign) tame Savage-Beasts,
But Men as lawless, and as wild as they,

And

30 *The ART of POETRY,*

And first dissuaded them from Rage and Blood.
 Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
 They feign'd the Stones, obey'd his magick
 (Lute;
 Poets the first Instructors of Mankind,
 Brought all Things to their proper native Use;
 Some they appropriated to the Gods,
 And some to publick, some to private Ends:
 Promiscuous love, by marriage was restrain'd,
 Cities were built, and useful Laws were made;
 So ancient is the pedigree of Verse,
 And so Divine a Poets Function.
 Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtæus* martial Muse,
 Waken'd the World, and founded loud Alarms.
 To Verse we owe the sacred Oracles,
 And our best Precepts of Morality:
 Some have by Verse obtain'd the love of Kings,
 (Who, with the Muses ease their wearied
 (Minds)
 Then blush not noble *Piso* to protect,
 What

What Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.

Some think, that Poets may be form'd by Art,

• Others maintain, that Nature makes them so:

I neither see what Art without a Vein,

Nor Wit without the Help of Art, can do;

But mutually they need each others Aid.

He that intends to gain th' *Olympick* Prize,

Must use himself to Hunger, Heat, and Cold,

Take leave of Wine, and the soft Joys of Love:

And no Musician dares pretend to Skill,

Without a great Expence of Time and Pains;

But every little busy Scribler now

Swells with the Praises which he gives himself;

And taking Sanctuary in the Crowd,

Braggs of his Impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy Poet takes more Pains to hire

A flatt'ring Audience, than poor Tradesmen do

To perswade Customers to buy their Goods.

32 *The ART of POETRY,*

'Tis hard to find a Man of great Estate,
 That can distinguish Flatterers from Friends.
 Never delude your self, nor read your Book
 Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor ;
 For he'll commend and feign an Extasy,
 Grow pale to weep, do any thing to please ;
 True Friends appear less mov'd, than counterfeit,
 As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,
 Are not so loud, as those that cry for Hire.
 Wise were the Kings, who never chose a Friend
 Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,
 And seen the bottom of his deepest Thoughts.
 You cannot arm your self with too much Care
 Against the Smiles of a designing Knave.

Quintilius (if his Advice were ask'd)
 Would freely tell you what you should correct,
 Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,
 And with more Care supply the Vacancy ;
 But

But if he found you fond and obstinate,
(And apter to defend, than mend your Faults)
With Silence leave you to admire your self,
And without Rival, hug your darling Book.
The prudent Care of an impartial Friend,
Will give you Notice of each idle Line ;
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants Orna-
ment,
Or where it is too lavishly bestowed ;
Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
And with a strict Enquiry, mark your Faults ;
Nor for these Trifles, fear to lose your Love :
Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of serious Consequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
A mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,
And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,
We are not all more heedfully to shun,
Than Poetafters in their raging Fits,

34 *The ART of POETRY,*

Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys ;
 But dreaded and proscrib'd by Men of Sense ;
 If in the raving of a frantick Muse,
 And minding more his Verses, than his Way,
 Any of these should drop into a Well,
 Tho' he might burst his Lungs to call for Help,
 No Creature would assist or pity him,
 But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
 Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet died ;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
 In a cold Fit leap'd into *Ætna's* Flames.
 Give Poets leave to make themselves away.
 Why should it be a greater Sin to kill,
 Than to keep Men alive against their Will ?
 Nor was this Chance, but a delib'rate Choice ;
 For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,
 He would be at his Frolick once again,
 And his Pretensions to Divinity.

'Tis

'Tis hard to say, whether for Sacriledge,
Or Incest, or some more unheard of Crime,
The Rhiming Fiend is sent into these Men;
But they are all most visibly possess'd;
And like a baited Bear, when he breaks loose,
Without Distinction, seize on all they meet;
None ever 'scap'd, that came within their Reach,
Sticking like Leeches, till they burst with
(Blood:
Without Remorse, insatiably they read,
And never leave, 'till they have read Men dead.

Miscellany POEMS.

By several Hands.

*A Description of the Battel and Victory at
over the French and Bavarians at. Blen-
heim, near Hochstet, obtain'd by his
Grace the Duke of Marlborough, in the
Year 1705.*

By Mr. Smith, of Oxford.

I.

J *Anus*, did ever to thy wond'ring Eyes,
So bright a Scene of Triumph rise?
Did ever Greece or Rome such Lawrels wear,
As Crown'd the last Auspicious Year?

When first at *Blenheim*, *Ann* her Ensigns spread,
And *Marlb'rough* to the Field the shouting Squa-
(drons led,
In

In vain the Hills and Streams oppose,
In vain the hollow Ground in faithless Hillocks
To the rough *Danube's* winding Shore, (rose.
His shatter'd Foes the Conqu'ring Hero bore.

II.

They see with staring haggard Eyes
The rapid Torrent rowl, the foaming Bil-
Amaz'd, agast, they turn, but find (lows rise;
In *Marlb'rough's* Arms, a surer Fate behind.
Now his red Sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking Heads descends:
Wild, distracted with their Fears,
They jostling plunge amidst the sounding Deeps,
The Flood away the struggling Squadrons sweeps,
And Men, and Arms, and Horses whirling bears.
The frighted *Danube* to the Sea Retreats,
The *Danube* soon the flying Ocean meets,
Flying the Thunder of Great *Anna's* Fleets.

III.

Rooke on the Seas asserts her Sway,
 Flames o'er the trembling Ocean play,
 And Clouds of Smoak involve the Day.
 Affrighted *Europe* hears the Cannons roar,
 And *Africk* Ecchoes from its distant Shoar.
 The *French*, unequal in the Fight,
 In Force superior, take their Flight.
 Factions in vain the Hero's Worth decry,
 In vain the Vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, *Janus*, with a future View,
 The Glories of her Reign survey,
 Which shall o'er *France* her Arms display,
 And Kingdoms now her own subdue.
Lewis, for Oppression born ;
Lewis, in his Turn, shall mourn,

While

While his Conquer'd happy Swains,
Shall hug their easy wish'd for Chains.

Others inflav'd by Victory,
Their Subjects, as their Foes, oppress;
Anna Conquers but to Free,
And Governs but to Bless.

*An Epigram made on Sight of
the Countess of Sunderland,
at Tunbridge Wells, in the
Year 1705.*

HAD *Alexander* your bright Form sur-
(vey'd,
The God-like Man a just Complaint
(had made;
That no more Worlds were left him to sub-
(due,
For one's too mean a Sacrifice to You.

An

An Imitation of the Fourth Ode of Horace, Book II. Inscib'd to the E---- of S-----, written by the Lord G-----lle.

Ne sit Ancillæ, tibi amor Pudori, &c.

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To B-----le the Brown,
But publickly espouse the Dame,
And say, G— d—— the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply smitten been;
Altho' right good Commanders,
Some, who with you, have *Hownslow* seen,
And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III. Did

III.

Did not *Italian* Pig inflame
The sober Earl of N——m,
Of sober Sire descended,
That, careless of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-Houses he Nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

IV.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn,
At grizly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
She may have come of gentler Kin,
Then e're that Father dreamt on.

V.

Of Proffers large, the Choice had she,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which she in Scorn rejected;
And can a Nymph so Virtuous be,

Of

Of base-born Blood suspected ?

VI.

Her heaving Breast, her roguish Eye,

Her twining Arm, her taper Thigh,

I always thought provoking ;

But faith, tho' I talk waggishly,

I mean no more than Joking.

VII.

Then be not Jealous, Friend, for why ?

My Lady Marchioness is nigh,

To see I ne'er shall hurt ye ;

Besides, you know full well that I

Am turn'd of five and Forty.

The

The Perjur'd Lover. An Imitation of Ovid.

By a Lady.

AS fair *Ænone* justly did complain
Of her too much beloved *Trojan* Swain ;
Who at her Feet a thousand Times had sworn,
That *Paris* was but for *Ænone* born ;
That he'd the Beauties of the World despise,
And never any, but *Ænone's* prize.
Had this proud Letcher but his Promise kept,
The *Phrygian* Dames their Losses had not wept.
But now their stately Towns in Rubbish lie,
The well-deserved Price of Perjury ;
So I without a Blush, may well upbraid
Your Falsehood to an undefiled Maid ;
Whose only Fault was too much Love for thee,
Thou Traytor, Monster of Unconstancy.
●How

How many Oaths took'st thou, false perjur'd Boy,
That I was all thy Comfort, all thy Joy?

That Planets sooner should forget to move,
Than *Edward* to his *Ann* unconstant prove?

The *Thames* should sooner to its Source return,
Than *Edward* could for any other burn?

But oh! the Planets keep their wonted Course,
Yet thou, perfidious Wretch, deserv'st my Curse.

The Silver *Thames* still from its Fountain flows,
And yet, base Fellow, thou hast broke thy
(Vows.
What have I done? wherein consists my Crime?

Declare it if thou canst, now is the Time.

Am I not still the same which I was then,

When first I saw thy too deceitful Mein,

And gave my Heart and Hand to be but thine,

Thou did'st the like, I wrung thy Hand in mine.

In Presence of some Friends, we did contract,

And there's no Cause why either should retract.

How

How canst thou answer at God's Tribunal
Thy Breach of Faith to me, vile Animal?
Could only my own Sister me deprive,
Of what is justly mine, whilst thou'rt alive?
Had she more Beauty, Fortune, or more
(Charms,
To force my Lover from my longing Arms?
Can she upon thy Vows and Oaths rely,
Who knows how well thou kept'st these made
(to me?
Let her not think her Spider-web of Chains,
Can keep a Squirrel of such fickle Brains.
No, 'tis in vain t' expect it at thy Hands;
'Tis but to build upon the fleeting Sands.
For 'tis as easy the past Hours to hold,
Or make him youthful, who is Four-score old;
As 'tis to make thee True and Loyal to
That Woman, which thou may'st presume to
(Wooe.

But

But as for her, who now thy Thoughts enjoy,
 And thinks to taste a long and lasting Joy;
 I well foresee, that she will curse her Fate,
 And soon enough repent, tho' it be late.

She triumphs now, whilst I in Silence mourn;
 But Joy and Grief has each of them their Turn.

When from her Hands, thou Weather-Cock
 The Thoughts of which will make poor }
 I'll (unconcerned) laugh at her Misery. }
 (shalt fly,
 (Peggy cry,

Had I with any other Woman Strife,
 Instead of other Ills to plague her Life,
 I'd only wish her this, to be thy Wife. }

But now I think on't, why should I lament
 To part with thee, true Source of Discontent.

'Tis but a foolish Person that will weep

For what is worse than double Loss to keep.

And since thou hast withdrawn thee from my
 May on thy Head these heavy Curses light. (Sight,

Then

Then may the next you Court, as cruel prove
As thou art false, and undeserving Love.
May she take Pride and Pleasure in thy Pain,
And may thy Oaths with her no Credit gain.
Oh! may thy Fame unto Distraction turn,
And get from her, but halter'd in return.
In short, may never your Distemper end,
Or find in time, a Doctor or a Friend.
May no Man pity thy disastrous Case,
'Till Death thy Soul from thy lean Carcass chase.

Upon Confinement.

By Sir Roger L'Estrange.

BEat on, proud Billows, *Boreas* blow;
Swell, curled Waves, high as *Jove's* Roof;
Your Incivilities do show,
That Innocence is Tempest-Proof.

D d

Tho'

48. *Miscellany P O E M S,*

Tho' furly *Neptune* roars, my Heart is calm ;

Then strike, *Affliction*, for thy Wounds are Balm.

 This thing the World miscals a Jayl,

 A private Closet is to me,

 Whilst a good Conscience is my Bail,

 And Innocence my Liberty.

Locks, Bolts, and Bars, tho' altogether met,

• Make me no Pris'ner, but an Anchoret.

 I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,

 Into this private Room was turn'd,

 As if their Wisdom had conspir'd

 A Salamander should be burn'd ;

Or like a Sophy, who can drown a Fish.

I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

 The Cynick hugs his Poverty,

 The Pelican her Wilderness ;

And it's the *Indian's* Pride to be

 Naked on frozen *Caucasus*.

Contentment

Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks, we see,
Make Torments easy by their Apathy.

These Manacles upon my Arms,

I, as my Mistress's Favours, wear,

And for to keep my Ankles warm,

I have some Iron Shackles there.

These Walls are but my Garrison ; this Cell,
Which Men call Jayl, doth prove my Cittadel.

So he that struck at *Jason's* Life,

Thinking to make his Purpose sure,

By a malicious friendly Knife,

Did only wound him to a Cure.

Malice of late, wants Wit ; for what is meant
Mischief oft-times proves Favour in th' Event.

Here Sin, for want of Food, does starve,

Where tempting Objects are not seen ;

And these strong Walls do only serve

To keep Vice out, not let in Sin.

Malice of late's grown charitable, sure,

I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,

Like some high-priz'd Margarite,

Or like to some Mogul or Pope,

I'm Cloyster'd up from publick Sight.

Retir'dness is a Point of Majesty,

And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as Great as thee.

What tho' I cannot see my King,

Neither in's Person, nor his Coin,

Yet Contemplation is a Thing

That renders to me what's not mine.

My Prince from me, what Adamant can part,

Whom I do wear engraven on my Heart?

When once my Prince Affliction hath,

Prosperity doth Treason seem;

And to make smooth so rough a Path,

I can learn Patience too from him.

Now,

Now, not to suffer, shews no Loyal Heart;
When Kings want Ease, Subjects must learn to
(smart.

Have you not seen the Nightingale,

When turn'd a Pilgrim to her Cage,

And heard her tell her wonted Tale

In that her mournful Hermitage?

Even her chirping Melody does prove,

That all her Bars are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

I am that Bird, which they combine

Thus to deprive of Liberty;

Altho' my Body they confine,

Yet maugre Hate, my Soul is free.

Tho' thus confin'd, yet can I chirp and sing

Disgrace to Rebels, Honour to my King.

*A faithful Catalogue of our
most Eminent Ninnies. A
Satyr.*

*Written in the Year 1686, by the Earl of
Dorset.*

*Vicini oderunt, noti, Pueri, atq; Puella quos,
Omnes.*

Hor. Serm. i.

CUrs'd be those dull unpointed Dogrel
 Whose harmless Rage has lash'd our im-
 (Rimes,
 (pious Times.
 Rise thou my Muse, and with the sharpest Thorn,
 Instead of peaceful Bays, my Brows adorn ;
 Inspir'd with just Disdain, and mortal Hate,
 Who long have been my Plague, shall feel thy
 (Weight.
 I scorn a giddy, and unsafe Applause,
 But thus (ye Gods) is fighting in your Cause.

Let

Let *Sodom* speak, and let *Gomorrha* tell,
 If their curs'd Walls deserv'd their Flames so well
 Go on my Muse, and with bold Voice proclaim
 The vicious Lives, and long detested Fame,
 Of scoundrel Lords, and their lewd Wives A-
 Pimp States-men, canting Priests, Court Bawds, ^{(mours,}
 Exalted Vice, its own vile Name does found, ^{(and Whores ;}
 Tho' Climes remote, and distant Shores re-
 Thy Strumpets (*C^{harles}*) have 'scap'd no Nati- ^{(nown'd.}
^{*Lowland*} *C*—*d* the Van, and *P^{arkman}* *tb* leads the ^{(ons Ear,}
^{(Rear.}
 A Brace of Cherubs of as vile a Breed
 As ever was produc'd of Human Seed ;
 To all but thee, the Punks were kind,
 Free as loose Air, and gen'rous as the Wind.
 Both steer'd thy P—, and the Nation's Helm,
 And both betray'd thy P—, and thy Realm.

Oh *Barbara*! thy execrable Name

Is sure embalm'd with everlasting Shame:

Could not the numerous Host thy Lust suffice,

Which in lascivious Shoals ador'd thy Eyes;

When their bright Beams were thro' our Orb

And Kings each Morn their *Persian* Homage

Oh sacred *Jane*! may thy dread Noddle be

As free from Danger, as from Wit 'tis free:

But if that Good and Gracious Monarch's

Could ne'er confine one Woman to his Arms;

What strange mysterious Spell, what strong De-

Can guard that Front, which has not half his

Poor *Sister*'s Fall, even her own Sex deplore,

Who with so small Temptation turn'd thy

But *Graffia* bravely does revenge her Fate,

And says, thou Court'st her thirty Years too

(late;

She

She scorns such Dwindles ; her capacious ~~A~~^{de}
 Is fitter for thy Scepter, than thy T~~arce~~.
 Old ~~D~~^{elamer}, ~~S~~^{hermsbury}, and M~~ordant~~^t know,
 Why in that stately Frame she lies so low ;
 And who but her dull Block-head would have
 Her Windows small Descent on rising Ground ?
 Thro' the large Sash, they pass (like Jove of old)
 To her attendant Bawd, in Showers of Gold.
 M~~ordant~~^t (that insolent, ill-natur'd Bear)
 From the close Grotto, when no Danger's near,
 Mounts like a Rampant Stag, and Ruts his
 But when by dire Mischance the harmless Maid
 In the dark Closet, with loud Skrieks betray'd,
 The naked Letcher, what a woeful Grief
 It was? th' Adultress flew to his Relief,
 And sav'd his being murder'd for a Thief.

Defenceless

Defenceless Limbs the well arm'd Host assail'd,
 Scarce her own Prayers, with her own Slaves
 Tho' well prepar'd for Flight, he mourn'd his
 (prevail'd;
 And begg'd *Actæon's* Change, to 'scape *Actæon's*
 (Weight,
 But wing'd with Fear, tho' untransform'd, he
 (Fate:
 And swift as Hinds, out-stript the yelling
 (bounds,
 (Hounds.
 Beware Adulterers, betimes beware,
 You fall not in the same unhappy Snare;
 From *Norfolk's* Ruin, and his narrow 'Scape,
~~Survive~~ on contented with a willing Rape,
 On a strong Chair, soft Couch, or Side of Bed,
 Which never does surprizing Dangers dread:
 Let no such Harlots lead your Steps astray,
 Her C—— will mount in open Clay;
 And from St. *James's* to the Land of *Tbule*,
 There's not a Whore, who ~~Survive~~ so like a
 (Mule:
 And

And yet her blund'ring Dolt deserves a worfe,
 Could Man be plagu'd with a severer Curse :
 A fitter Couple never fure were hatch'd ;
 Some marry'd are indeed, but they are match'd.
 But seeing they are lawful Man and Wife,
 Why should the Fool and Drazel live in Strife,
 While they both lead the same lascivious Life?
 Or why should he to *Meggs* or *Circut's* come,
 When he may find as great a Whore at Home?
M^{ulgar}e * (who all his Summons to big War,
 Safely commits to his wife Prince's Care)
 Lords it o'er all Mankind, and is the first,
 By Woman hated, and by Man accurs'd.
 Well has his Staff a double Use supply'd,
 At once upheld his Body, and his Pride.
 How haughtily he crys, *Page, fetch a Whore,*
D—— her, she's ugly ; Rascal, fetch me more ;
Bring

* He carry'd the Lord Peterborough's Challenge to the King.

Bring in that black-ey'd Wench; Woman, come

Ret you, you draggled B^{itch}, what is't you ^{(near;} fear?

Trembling she comes, and with as little Flame

As he for the dear Part from whence he came.

Thine, crafty S^{eduction}~~r~~, was a good Design,

For sure his Issue ne'er will injure thine:

But thou thy self must needs confess, that she

Does justly curse thy Politicks and thee:

Her noble Protestant has got a Flail,

Young, large, and fit to seague her briny Tail;

But now, poor Wench, she lies as she would burst,

Sometimes with Brandy, and sometimes with

Tho' Prince as Goats, she courts in vain her ^{(Luft.}

The Frigid he, and she the Torrid Zone. ^{(Drone;}

Both Friend and Foe, he with vast Ruin mauls,

Who at first Thrust before, both Sexes falls.

Had I, O had I his transcendent Verse,

In his own lofty Strains I would rehearse

That

That deep Intrigue, when he the Princess woo'd,
 But lov'd Adult'ry, more than Royal Blood:
 Young ^{son}O—y (who lov'd the haughty Peer)
 Her Mother's darling Sins could best declare;
 But to her Memory we must be just,
 'Tis Sacrilege to rob such beauteous Dust.
 O ^{harkon}W——n, ^{harkon}W——n! what a wretched Tool,
 Is a dull Wit, when made a Woman's Fool?
 Thy Ramish Spendthrift Buttocks, 'tis well
 Her nauseous Bait has made thee swallow ^{(known,}
 Tho' mumbled, and spit out by half a Town; ^{(down,}
 How well my honest L——n she knows,
 The many Mansions in thy F^{ather's} House?
 How often prais'd thy dear curvetting T^{ance},
 Which thou rid'st curb'd, like an unruly Horse?
 How big with Joy she went with thee to
 When thou (false Varlet) left her in the Lurch? ^{(Church,}

Ev'n

Ev'n E——t, who refus'd none before,
 Scorn'd to pronounce the Banns with such a
 (Whore :
 To * *Pancridge Tom*, there such as she resort,
 (That Mother-Church too, does all Sinners
 (Court)
 As she has been thy Strumpet all her Life,
 'Tis time to make her now thy lawful Wife,
 That B——y's Spouse may pride it in her Box,
 With Face and C—— all martyr'd with the
 (Pox.
 In some deep Sawpit, both their Noddles hide ;
 For 'tis hard guessing which has the best Bride.
 Ah *Tom* ! thy Brother, like a prudent Man,
 Has chosen the much better Haradan :
 She a good natur'd, candid Devil, shews
 Him all the bawding, jilting Tricks she knows.
 Thy Rook, some trivial Cheats her Block-head
 (learns,
 While he the Master *Hocus* ne'er discerns.
 To

* Said to be the Mother of St. Paul.

To Pox and Plague, Oh ! may she subject be,
As she's from Child-bed Pain and Peril free :
Her actual Sins invalidate the first,
With ease she teems, and brings forth unaccurst.
To thee *Lucina*, she need never call,
Like ripen'd Fruit, her mellow Bastards fall ;
And what with needless Labour I disclose,
Her well-stretch'd C——, and rival'd Belly
Whoever like *Charles D——g*, scorns Disgrace,
Can never want, altho' he loose his Place ;
That Toothless-Murd'rer, to his just Reproach,
Pimps for his Sister, to maintain a Coach ;
And let what will the Church or State befall,
One fulsom crafty Whore maintains 'em all.
*Scandal*e, tho' loath'd, still the fair Sex adores,
And has a Regiment of Horse and Whores.

Amidst

Amidst the common Rout of early Duns,
 For *Mustard*, *Soap*, *Milk*, *Small-Coal*, *Swords*,
 (and *Guns* :
 Two Reverend Officers (more highly born)
 Wait on his stinking Levee every Morn,
 And in full Pomp, his Pallace Gates adorn.
 But which is most in Vogue, is hard to tell,
 The publick Bawd, or private Centinel ;
 That blubber'd Oph, for two dull dribbling
 (Bouts,
 Maintains two Bastards, made of *Finney's* Clouts.
 E'er it could fetch, 'twas like pox'd *Evelyn* spoil'd,
 Yet it can't touch a Wench, but she's with
 (Child !
 But who can think that pestilential Breath
 Should rise up Life, that always blasts with
 (Death ?
 'Tis strange *K—e*, that refin'd *Beau Garcon*,
 Was never yet at the *Bell Savage* shown,
 For he's a true and wonderful Baboon.

It therefore wisely was at first design'd
 He ne'er should like to propagate his Kind
 But the dull venom'd Draught, in vain employ'd,
 Like the false Serpent's, was it self destroy'd.
 With foul Corruption sure he first was fed,
 And by equivocal Generation bred:
 An honest * *Soloni* Goose, compar'd to him,
 Is a fine Creature, and of more Esteem.
 No learn'd Philosophers need strive to know,
 Whether his Soul's *Ex traduce* or no.
 He has none yet, nor never will I fear;
 No Soul of Sense would ever enter there.
 I wonder he dares speak, for fear we jirk
 His lazy Bones, and make the Monkey work.
 If aged D~~elam~~^{er} has left the Trade,
 And had enough of costly Masquerade,

* A sort of Geese bred in Scotland

With renew'd Flames your old Amours pursue,

Now *Rochester* has nothing else to do.

Well done, old *Hyde*, we all thy Choice adore,

She is the younger, and much better Whore.

But *Hick* has sure to his eternal Curse,

Left his own Strumpet, and espous'd a worse.

That blazing Star still rises with the Sun,

And will, I hope, whene'er it sets, go down.

St. Peter ne'er deny'd his Lord but thrice,

But good *St. Edward* scorns to be so nice:

He, every Mass, abjures what he before,

On Tests, and Sacraments, so often swore.

His Mother-Church will have a special Son

Of him, by whom his Father was undone.

He turn'd, because on Bread alone he'd dine,

And make the Wafer save his Bread and Wine.

Mammon's the God he'll worship any way,

And keeps Conviction ready to a Day.

Forbid

Forbid it Heaven, I e'er should live to see
Our Pious Monarch's gorgeous Chappel be
Fill'd with such Miscreant Profylites as he.

Miserere Domine! Ave Maria!

Poor Father *Dover* has got a *Gonorhæa*.

Was e'er (dread *Jame*s) so much Affection

He'd save thy Soul, but cares not for his own. (shown,

How S^{*hewsbury*} prays, the old Adult'rous Fop,

May find it a *Cormegan* fwinging Clap.

Unhappy Maid! who Man has never known,

And yet, with perilous Pangs brought forth a

Our †*Cyrb-Medico Dydimus* nothing smelt, (Son!

'Till he, the sprawling Bantling, heard and felt.

And now it surely cannot be deny'd

By him, who cur'd the King of what he dy'd.

E e 2

How

† Dr. K—g.

How *H^{erbert}*-t boasts, that his wife King's-Head-
(Crew,
Foretold the dismal Times we all should Rue.

Curs'd be the Screech Owls! that Rebellious
(Crowd,
Prefag'd indeed *Rome*'s swift Approach, as loud,
As wife *Cassandra*'s boding Voice of old,

The wretched Fate of ancient *Rome* foretold.

But why is he against the bringing in

Any Religion that indulges Sin?

He who his other Charges can retrench,

To save Ten Guineas for a handsome Wench;

Or be content to part with Twenty Pound,

If Mrs. *W^{hite}*-t insure her being Sound.

That Ideot thinks the tawdry Harlot's glad

To serve him now for Favours she has had.

But who (dear *H^{arvey}*-y) ever heard before,

Of Gratitude in any common Whore?

She

She mounts the Price, and goes half Snack her
And well knows how to Cully such an Elf.
Poor *Finny*, I must needs much more applaud,
A better Whore, and truer Friend and Bawd.
Like the *French* King, he all his Conquests buys,
And powerful *Guinea* still subdues their Eyes.
How his smug little black Ey'd Harlot gaz'd
On his hoar'd Gold, and fine Apartments prais'd!
But *F*—— (not trusting to the Miser's Truth)
Like *Joseph's* Sacks, with Money in her Mouth;
Sometimes he'll venture for himself to Trade,
With awkward Grace, at Balls and Masquerade.
But what was the proud Coxcomb e'er the near,
Unless he got my Lady *Gerhard* there?
Her Qualities to all the World are known;
Fair as his Kin, and honest as her own.
She makes her Brothel worse than common Stews,
And loves to S—— in her own Tribe like *Jeres*.

Incest with nearest Blood, Adult'ry all,
 Her darling Sins, we may well deadly call.
 Whate'er in Times of *Tore*, she may have been,
 Her Lust has now parch'd up her rivell'd Skin.
 Thou Town of *Edmonton*, I charge declare
 What she and O^{*aney*}—y did so often there.
 That * scribbling Fool, who writes to her in
 (Meeter,
 And only speaks his Songs to make 'em sweeter.
 Great *Virgil's* true Reverse in Sense and Fate;
 For what another writ, procur'd his Hate.
 To be but thought a Wit, he lost his Place,
 And yet to show he is not of that Race,
 Will write himself, and add to his Disgrace. }
 His *Valentinian's* learned Preface shines,
 Like *Memphis* Siege, or *Bulloign's* radiant Lines,
 Among the Muses all his Time he spends,
 And his whole Study towards *Parnassus* bends :
 Yet

* Tom. D'Ur—y.

Yet if for his one handsome Thought be shown,
 Stop the dull Thief; I'll swear 'tis not his own.
 Satyr's his Joy, but if he don't improve,
 Give me his Hatred, let her take his Love.
 That Fop she (^{Herbert}~~H—t~~) more then thee ad-
 (mires,
 He often quenches her lascivious Fires.
 In vain, poor H^{away}~~—y~~, with ridiculous Joy
 Shews her, and every Fool his hopeful Boy.
 His City Songsters, says he, keeps such a Po-
 (ther,
 She's sure he'll ne'er be able to get another.
 Join then, propitious Stars, their widow'd Store,
 And make them happy, as they were before;
 That is, may the decay'd incestuous Punk
 Swill like his Spouse, and he, like her, die
 (Drunk.
 Why, H^{arding}~~—h~~, has the good old Queen the
 (Grace,
 To see thy Bear-like Mien, and Baboon-Face?

Her Court (the Gods be prais'd) has long been
(free
From *Irish* Prigs, and such dull Sots as he.

The wakeful Gen'ral, conscious of thy Charms,
Dreads thine, as much as *Monmouth's* fierce
(Alarms.

Yet sure there is a greater Ditch between

A greasy Whigish Dolt, and *Charles's* Queen,

There is, and *Hardy* soars not yet so high,

His Ogling Pignies glote on Lady Di. *

That Gudgeon on soft Baits will only bite,

For easy Conquests are his sole Delight.

And none can say, but that his Judgment's good,

For all the *K—s* are made of Flesh and Blood.

Vernon the Glory of that lustful Tribe,

Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a Bribe :

To Fame and Honour hates to be a Slave,

But freely gives what Nature freely gave.

Diana Howard

Like

Like Heirs to Crowns, with sure Credentials
(born,
Her hasty Bastards private Entry's scorn ;

In midst of Courts, and in the mid of Day,
With little Peril, force their easy Way.

But *Woodford* is, methinks, a better Seat,
And for distended Wems a safe Retreat.

'Twas well advis'd (old *Kak*) no Dangers
(fear'd,
No Groans, nor yelling Cries can there be
(heard ;
In this lewd Town, and these censorious Times,
Where every Whore rails at each others Crimes.

(Fair *Theodosia*) thy Romantick Name
Had sure been blasted with eternal Shame :
But thy wise Stratagems so well were laid,
I'd almost swear thou art a very Maid.

Go on, and scorn our common S..... Rules,
Let *Wenco*^p make th' incestuous Uncle's Fools,

While

While *Prudence* Pimps, and such a Foe com-
 (bines,
 Impregnate more and more thy feedy Loins,
 Thou still art safe; tho' thy large Womb should
 (bear,
 Like her's, who teem'd for every Day o'th' Year.
 Proud *Omond* justly thinks her *Dutch*-built
 (Shape,
 A little too unweildy for a Rape.
 Yet being conscious it will tumble down,
 At first Assault surrenders up the Town.
 But no kind Conqueror has yet thought fit
 To make it his belov'd Imperial Seat.
 That batter'd Fort, which they with ease de-
 (ceive,
 Pillag'd and sack'd to the next Foe they leave.
 And haughty *Di*, in just Revenge will try't,
 (Although she starve) with any senseless Wight;
 Not that to any Principle she's firm,
 But is debauch'd by damn'd seducing Sperm.

~~Strawberry~~ well knew the Banning Hour, when
 The Main throws out, or else a Nick, ^{(Seven,} Eleven:
 When her decrepid Spend-thrift, Troopless
 Is meek as *Moses*, hid in Fire and Smoak, ^{(Reek,}
 Our Sacred Writ does learnedly relate,
 For one poor Babe, two Mothers hot debate:
 But our two doughty Heroes, I am told,
 Which is the truest Father, fiercely scold.
 Both Claims seem just and great; but gen'rous
^{(Hale}
 (Who always is on the right Side) prevails.
 He will not only save its Life, but Soul:
 So poor *Paul* *Kirk* is fubb'd off for a Fool.
 But 'tis all one; Sir *Courtley Nice* does swear
 He'll go to Mrs. *Grace* of *Exeter*.
 But why to *Ireland*, *Bennet*? Is't the Clime
 Dost thou imagine, makes an easy Time?

Ungrate-

Ungratefully indeed thou didst requite
 The skilful Goddeſs of the ſilent Night,
 By whoſe kind Help thou waſt ſo oft before,
 Deliver'd ſafely on thy Native Shore.
 Thy Belly ſhin'd, and an unuſual Load
 Made thee believe *K~~a~~k's* Shoulders were too
 (broad.
 And thou'dſt be ſure we ſhould not hear the
 (Roar:
 And if poor *Tuſſey Muſſey* ſhould be tore,
 Wiſely reſolv'd *Ned* ſhould ne'er ſee it more: }
 But ſince all's well, return, that we may laugh
 At *Iriſh C*——, which in all Climes are ſafe.
 Juſtly (falſe *M^{ount}mount^b*) did thy Lord declare,
 Thou ſhould'ſt not in his Crown nor Empire
 (ſhare.
 Indeed (dear Limp) it was a juſt Deſign,
 Seeing he had ſo ſmall a Share of thine.
 Brave *F^{ramlingham}m*, (that thund'ring Son of Arms)
 With powerful Magick, conquer'd both your
 (Charms,
 Vertue,

Virtue (thy weak Lieutenant) run away,
 Just like that cursed Miscreant Coward, *G^{uy}*.
 And as poor *J^{ane}* from his new Subjects did,
 At last, from thy fair Breast the General fled.
 His Conversation, Wit, and Parts, and Mein,
 Deserv'd, he thought, at least a widow'd Queen.
 Nor wer't thou sorry, since most Seeds are
 To flourish better, when we change the Ground. ^(found)
 He struck in Years, and spent in Toils and War,
 Could please thee less than did the strong *De^lap^{er}*.
 Ne'er was a truer Stallion, to his Cost,
 He as he was most able, lov'd thee most.
 But Politick *M^{ounmouth}*, thought it to much
 For one to enjoy too long, so great a Place. ^(Grace)
C^{hauncellor} next succeeds the lovely Train,
 And round his Neck displays a Captives Chain :
 He greater Fool than any of the rest,
 They say, will Marry with the trimming Beast;
 Which

Which if he does, oh may his Blood be shed
 On that high Throne, where her last Traytor
 (bled.
 Mysterious Powers ! what wond'rous Influence
 Governs (the ruling Stars) poor Mortals Sense?
 What unknown Motive our dread King per-
 (swades
 To make lewd Ogle Mother of the Maids ?
 The gracious Prince had sure much wiser been,
 Had he made S^{hippard} Tutrefs to the Queen ;
 And then perhaps her chaste Instructions wou'd
 Have fav'd a World of unbegotten Blood :
 But pious F^{amus}s (with profound Parts endu'd)
 Will prefer none, but whom he knows are lewd.
A lash of stumps of
 S—a, B—s, all the Court Breed,
 Ladies of wond'rous Honour are indeed.
 Ye, scoundrel Nymphs, whom Rags and Scabs
 (adorn,
 Than that small poultry Whore, more highly
 (born.

If you are Wise, apply your selves betimes,
 None highly merit now, but by their Crimes,
 And the King does what e'er he's bid by *
 (Guines ; }

Which made the wiser Choice, is now our
 Hall his, he Mistress, or the † Prince his Wife; (Strife,
 Those || Traders sure will be belov'd as well,
 As all the dainty tender Birds they sell;
 The learned Advocate (that rugged Stump
 Of old N—'s Honour) always lov'd the Rump;
 And 'tis no Miracle, since all the H—'s,
 Were given (they say) to raise intestine Broils;
 But seeing, to the upright Jurors Praise,
 We are return'd to *Ignoramus* Days;
 The Lawyer swears he greater Hazard runs,
 Who F— one Daughter, than a hundred Sons:
 Prepo-

* By whom she got the Reversion of Mr. C—'s Place.

† N—d.
 || Both Poulterers.

Prepost'rous Fate! while poor Miss ^{*Fanny*}
 (Bauds,
 Each Forreign Fop, her Mothers Charms ap-
 (plaud.
 Autumnal Whore! to every Nation known!

A Curse to them, and Scandal to her own.

Forgive me (Chaster ^{*Harold*}~~H~~) if I Name

Her stinking Toes, with thine of sweeter Fame.

Thou wond'rous pocky Art, and wond'rous
 (poor;

But as she's richer, she's a greater Whore.

What with her Breath, her Arm-pits, and her
 (Feet,
 Ten Civit Cats can hardly make her Sweet.

From all the Corners of the noisome Tewn,

The filth of every Brute ran freely down.

To that insatiate Strumpet's Common-Shore;

'Till it broke out, and poyson'd her all o'er.

Poor ^{*Buckingham*}~~m~~ in unsuccessful Verse,

And Terms too mild, did her lewd Crimes re-
 (hearse.

Both

Bold is the Man that ventures such a Flight,
Her Life's a Satyr, which no Pen can write;
And therefore cursed may she ever be,
As when old * *H^yd^e* was catcht with *Rem*
(in *Re*.

Cætera Desunt.

*The Widow's Delivery: Or,
The Dragooning Monk.*

To the Tune of a Soldier and a Sailer.

By Captain B——.

A Monk, Sir, and his Brother,
With Doctor made a Pother,
And us'd their utmost Art, Sir,
To gain a Widow's Heart, Sir,
Whose Name I have forgot.

F f

To

* Lord *M^{ul}g^{er}* found her in *fact* with my Lord *Rockyter*

To make the Game the furer,
The Doctor was to Cure her
Of what she never ail'd, Sir ;
And had his Art prevail'd, Sir,
'T had been a lucky Plot.

The Brother was to Wooc her,
The Monk was to undo her,
And have his Share of Plunder,
If none could put a funder,

Or loose the Knot he ty'd.

But first it was thought proper
To see the Maid to stop her
From babling ; and the Monk, Sir,
Made Use of her as Punk, Sir,

Or else he is bely'd.

And being thus prepar'd, Sir,
For nothing else they car'd, Sir ;

But

But *Tom* came up, and swore, Sir,
Since *Betty* was a Whore, Sir,

He'd have a Snack, or tell.

The Monk, with Look most awful,
Said, truly it was lawful;
And gave her Dispensation,
To save her from Damnation,

Because she meant it well.

And tho' there's not a Man, Sir,
But for her Worth can answer,
At last she condescended,
Left *Tom* should be offended,

To let him have his Mind.

But when they least suspected,
Their Plotting was detected;
Some fled, some were committed,
And all were justly fitted,

For such a damn'd Design.

*The Grey-hound Strip's Elegy,
with a piece of his Skin annexed.*

D*iana* come, attend this mournful Story,
Here's *Strip* lies dead, of all thy Leash,
Behold his Head, all of the wond'rous Snake!
His Neck, the Emblem of the towring Drake!
Lo there his scaly Back, like Oaken Beam,
With stately Belly of the gliding Bream!
His oval Foot, like the Majestick Cat,
His whisking Stern outvies the Warlike Rat!
Renounce thy Pleasure, and thy Bow lay by;
Thine Arrows never did so swiftly fly.
His Strength, his Beauty, and his Courage too,
Out-strip'd'em all, for none like him could do;
He never miss'd the Game he did pursue.

Oft

Oft have I seen the trembling Pufs go by,
 Strait turn up white, and without flixing die;
 Alas! she knew it was in vain to fly.

Witness ye * *Karn-Bray-Hills*, and Downs of
 Poching † *Dick Flower* swears upon his Honour;
 || *Redruth* and *Wendron*, do attest the same,
 And bear this Record, to his matchless Fame;
 The Plains of *Sarum* never yet did yield
 A Dog his equal, nor *Newmarket* Field.
 Rejoyce ye Hares! your Jubilee is come,
 Leap, frisk, and play, until the Day of Doom.

F f 3

A

* Places that breed the stoutest Hares in Cornwall.

† A Country Parson.

|| Two honest Gentlemen that live in those Parishes.

*A Dialogue between Oliver
Cromwell, the late Usurper,
and Charon.*

By Mr. Hall of Hereford.

Oliver. **H**AST, *Charon*, hast, it's Noll com-
(mands thy Speed ;
I'm he that made three Kingdoms bleed.

Charon.] Proud Soul, so black's thy Guilt,
(I know thee well,
Thou dost those Shades in Colours far excel,
And seem'st a Beauty-spot to whiten Hell. }

Oliver.] Dear *Charon*, hast, vast Streams
Of injur'd Blood pursue,
Now horrid is thy Cry,
And dreadful is thy Hew.

Charon.] Stay, stay, how guilty must thou be,
Who choosest Hell for Sanctuary ;

Thy

Thy weighty Crimes will never let thee float,
But singly, thou wilt sink my mighty Boat.

Oliver.] *Charon*, no more delay, now you
(presume too far;
Remember what I was in War;
Did *Charles*, and shall I not pass o'er the *Lake*?

Charon.] Weak Shade, thou art too bold, and
(dost mistake:
Still different Ways great *Charles* and thou
(didst move,
Thy Course was downward still, his still above
I saw him ascend, whilst the Angels stoop'd down,

To present a new Throne,
And the Loss of his Head to repay
With a large double Crown.
Look, yonder I saw
The bright Troop on the Wing,
And as they did fly,
So spotless, and bright was th' King.

That him, from his new Brother Angels

I could not descry.

Then open'd wide *Elizium's* Radiant-Gate,

And in they flew, in gay triumphant State.

And then,

So well God and Man th' Martyr lov'd,

Good Men

Wept below, and Saints rejoyc'd above.

Oliver.] 'Twas brave, and by the Praise
(thou'ft given,

Thou'ft made me, what I never was, in love
(with Heaven ;

But *Charles* from his Seat shall remove,

Tho' Heaven flights mine, and his Actions ap-
(prove,

As once upon Earth, I'll dethrone him above.

I to *Elizium* hence will go.

Charon.] No, Tyrant, no ;

To

To Dens full of Horror, thou headlong must
And with *Furies*, as black as Treasons, must
And there, as little Mercy as thou shew'dst,
(fall,
(dwell,
(must feel.

The Chorus,

Drag him down to the *Abyss*,
Let Flames and vast Serpents still hiss;
Draw him down,
And make the Wretch know,
Proud Tyrants on Earth
Shall be Slaves here below.

The Royal Folly, written in 97.

OF Ramblings and Follies, you oft have
Since their Wits and their Language
Our Father Knight-Errants, from *Babylon*
(been told,
(confounded of old,
(strol'd.
The

The *Macedon* rang'd for Drink, Women, and
(Glory,
And *Cesar* for Matter to Pen a fine Story ;

Ambition and *Love* sent old *Tony* a madding,
And People will fancy why *Sheba* ran gadding.

Next Chivalry flourish'd, till Fate proving kind,
The Heroes and Lovers to *Bedlam* confin'd ;

Then Mankind, with wand'ring Devotion pos-
(sess'd,
To Reliques and Shrines, weary Journeys ad-
(dress'd :

On Pilgrimage Holy, the *Loretto*-Church
Bilk'd her Lodgings, and left the poor Turk i'th'
(Lurch.

Of *Bernbam-Wood*-Travels, *Scotch* Chronicles
(talk,
And *Kynaston*-Hill, as *Stow* tells us, did walk.

Sticks and Stones may prove Block-heads, and
(keep a damn'd Stir,

But Things which have Reason and Sense,
(should not err ;

Will our Nephews believe, that the Prince
(should out-run,

(And no Friend to with-hold him) his Coun-
(try and Throne :

'Tis

'Tis Nonsense so obvious, they never will bear it,
 Tho' *Glanville* should write it, or *Titus Oates*
 (fwear it.

With a Rabble of Princes, an Hero was come
 To see those strange Sights he had heard of at
 (home ;
 On a Rusty-Throne long had he rev'rendly
 (snored,
 By his Brother Brutes envy'd, by Subjects a-
 (dored ;
 For he thought like his Dad, how the Joys of
 (Mankind
 Were to Brandy and Wench'es by Heav'n con-
 (fin'd :
 'Till *Fame* so well skill'd in her Banter and
 (Lies,
 As to make C—tts an Hero, and W——n Wife ;
 In the Shape of *Leffort* (for as I have heard)
 Ill Spirits (like Favourites) always appear'd,
 With Dreams of strange Pleasures, and hopes
 (to grow Great,
 Took a Fancy to puzzle W—— Pate ;
 Of Countries she told him, and quarrellsome
 (Crowns,
 Fam'd for cutting of Throats, and demolish-
 (ing Towns ;
 Where

Where the old Men were sage, and Yonkers all

That is, one was a Fool, and the other a Knave;
(brave,

Nay, she swore 'twas a Shame a Monarch

Content with his Ease, and well pleas'd to be
(should rest

Whilst all *Europe* was mad, nor she hop'd would
(blest;

From the Atheist of *France*, to the begotted
(be wiser,

So young Monsieur went without writing or
(Keisar;

To *Sardam* for Study, and *Holland* for Breeding,
(reading,

Strait an Embassy thither is order'd to go

To make a fine Speech, and a very brave Show:

But least that his Nobles mistake in their Story,

Or fail'd in their Credit, should tarnish his

Disguis'd in the midst of their Train, he was
(Glory;

As *Teague* us'd to carry the Letters he wrote.
(got,

Thus a Whimsey of Fortune, transform'd the

From the Pride of the *North*, to an aukward
(poor Czar,

(*Dutch Tarr.*

So

So *Jove*, from his Glory and God-head releas'd,
 When he rang'd for new Joys, took the Shape of
 To *Amsterdam* came, having view'd the whole
 (a Beast,
 (City,
 He star'd, and he scratch'd, and he swore it was
 (pretty.
 But *Sardam* alone, like his *Moscow*, could find
 Joy worthy of Czar, and conform'd to his Mind.
 'Twas there with a Friend he had formerly
 (made
 A Smith ; but the Great Turk himself has
 (his Trade,
 To study a Science so wond'rous, he said,
 'Twas there that his Praise on their Anvils all
 (rung ;
 'Twas there that he hammer'd, he drunk, and
 (he sung.
 So *Vulcan* of old, from Divinity tost,
 In the Joys of a Forge, found the Heaven he lost.
 But as *Venus*, to crown all his Glories, did fail,
 'Till *Love* pierc'd his Heart with a Ten-penny
 (Nail,

Which

Which from bonny *Kate* he mischievously stole;
Kate, the Smith's only Hope, and delight of
 With Eyes bright as Fire, and black as a Coal. (his Soul,
 With Eyes that with Pleasure her Lovers behold,
 In a Region like *Ætna*, what Nymph could be
 Or with nice Resistance would baulk the warm (cold?
 Where the hardest of Metals, grow gentle and (Joy,
 Thus he liv'd, and with Fetters so soft ne'er had (ply?
 Till Honour all envying the Conquest of *Love*, (strove,
 In the Name of ten Tarrs, to th' *Texel* did Cite
 To a Farce of their own, they were sure would (him,
 With Musket and Feather, the Youth of the (delight him.
 In Hoy, and in Dungbarge were nimbly drawn (Town,
 A well whisker'd Tarr, was the Head of the (down:
 Whose Fame and Mustachios did equally grow; (Show,

He

He mounted on one Yatch, and the *Czar* on the
 (other,
 Resolv'd to distinguish themselves in the Pother.
 But what Muse is able to tell the wild Rout,
 How these gave Broadfides, and how those tack'd
 (about?
 Till the Admirals boldly resolv'd to close,
 And venture for *Fame*, there was no fear of
 (Blows.
 And now mighty Actions had surely been done,
 Much Prowess display'd, and great Honour been
 (won,
 Of which the *Courants* and the *Gazettes* had
 (rung
 And Ballads unborn might hereafter have sung:
 But *Fate*, which still sports with the mighty'st
 (of Things,
 Breaks the strongest Designs, banters Heroes
 (and Kings:
 Made the Rain to pour down, and the Weather
 (to blow;
 Besides, dismal Groans did resound from below.
 Some thought 'twas *de Ruyter*, who loudly pro-
 (claim'd,
 That of each aukward Folly, his Ghost was
 (asham'd;
 Tho'

Tho' others in *Nether-Dutch* Sounds not un-
 Say 'twas nothing but Frogs disturb'd by their ^{(knowing,}
^{(rowing.}
 But whether it was the old Fantom they fear'd,
 Or whether they fancy'd what never was heard;
 Their Trouble was great, for away they all flunk,
 The *Dutch* to their Brandy, and the *Czar* to his
 (Punk.

On a certain Nobleman's Seat,
The Family being remov'd.

Much, much thou ow'st to bounteous
^{(Nature's Care,}
 For thy rich Soil; to Heaven, thy
^{(healthful Air.}
 In beautilous Structures thou possessest all
 That Man commodious, or can pleasant call
 But ah! it is the Gods; and their blest Presence
^{(given,}
 Make all things smile, and every Place a Heaven.

Then

Then, mourn fair Seat, and let thy Sorrow be
Deep as thy dismal Looks, appear to me.

Augusta shines with all thy beauteous Train,
How canst thou stand thy Losses to sustain?
But Rocky Nature's are incapable of Pain.

Now, no Nymph thy Gravel treads,
No Goddess Eyes glance o'er thy Flow'ry Beds.

Hyppolitus thy Shades forfakes,

And in the distant Woods, his Pleasure takes.

The warbling Birds have all made silent Vows,
And those of Night sit Regent on thy Boughs.

Thy Groves the charming Fair have all forfook,

And lost are the soft Murmers of thy neigh-
(bouring Brook.

With Grief, and th' wat'ry Tribute, now the
(Season pays,

Does o'er the pleasant Banks, its troubled Sur-
(face raise.

When through thy empty Rooms I cast my Eye,

In thee I praise the want of Memory ;

G g

For

For if past Bliss thou couldst in Thought re-
 (volve,
 Sure thy forsaken Walls would all in Tears dis-
 (solve.
 The fam'd Poet, who for *Ilium* mourn'd,
 When all its pompous Greatness was to Ashes
 (turn'd;
 Did delineate in mournful Mood,
 How all its former Beauty stood.

So sing, my Muse, with Grief oppress'd,
 Here *Royalinda* sat, with perfect Goodness
 (blest'd
 And all the shining Virtues, Greatness e'er
 (possess'd.
 And here *Lucinda*, whose soft easy Air,
 A charming Wit, a conquering Fair,
 Subdues Mankind, and does each Heart en-
 (snare.
 There blooming *Celia*, who perfect Goddess
 (reigns,
 As Virgins soft, yet Majesty retains,
Hyppolitus the Nymphs, and she charms all
 (the Swains.
 Heavenly *Orinda*, here with Angels Face,
 And Looks Divine, as Guardian o' the Place;
 Ye

The Gods sure sent her Beauty from above,
 But each officious Power in three has strove,
 Who should contribute most, to kill Mankind
 (with Love.
 Your Wisdoms, Powers, proclaim'd in bless'd
 (Variety,
 They're all Perfection, yet they different be,
 In each we find *Paris's* mighty three.

Beware, even wand'ring Hearts, that dare t'
 (oppose
 Boasted Inconstancy, against Loves sacred Laws;
 If you your roving Eyes give Leave to stray,
 Such glorious Luster their's display,
 Fixt as a Rock, you'll gaze an Age away.

In them the lovely God his Power proclaims,
 And the Slave Happy, that may bear their
 (Chains:
 Call back, call back thy Beauties then, who
 (bring,
 Or give, where e'er they are, eternal Spring:
 No future Age can thy past Bliss restore,

Nor make thee look with Pleasure, as before;

Unless in them God shall reverse thy Doom,
Or make thee Happy in the Fair to come.

Their Return.

IN *Zembla* (the Emblem of eternal Night)
Twice three Moons Space, refulgent Light,
By the forsaken there, is never seen,
While with the fiery Orb, the Maffy makes his
(Screen.
How glorious, and how welcome's the first
(Morn?

So their Return :

That to each Frost-bound *Nerve* does Freedom
(give,
And these all Pleasures make to live.
Each drooping Soul, their Absence caus'd to
(mourn,
And long the Sable with her Sorrows worn,
Discards her Grief, all active as the Day,
Retakes the Bliss, that drives her Cares away :

All

All Joy, all Gay, while they dispence
Their univerfal Influence.

The teeming Earth, her verdant Carpet spreads,
And all her Spring-born, with erected Heads,
Start from her Bosom in unwonted Haste,

To view the Cause that gives 'em Spring fo
Their glorious Colours, and their Pride of ^{(fast :}
^{(Bloom,}
Yet still the former does the form'd o'ercome :

In every Tree behold its joyful Mark,
The willing Bud breaks thro' the yielding Bark;
Beauty to Shade, and to adorn each Grove,
(The sacred Recess of soft whisp'ring Love)

From neighbouring Grots, with wide expan-
The feather'd Kind, alternate Confort brings, ^{(ded Wings,}
And from each Bough, their tuneful Wel-
^(come sings :)

Those all the Day, that in the Day delight,
 And *Philomel* her charming Notes all Night,
 Whilst *Cynthia* hastes to bring her Lovers
 (Light.
 The joyful *Nereids* their Return salute ;
 The purling Streams, and every scaly Mute,
 More powerful far their Charms allow,
 Than the soft Harmony, that from their
 (Channels drew
 Them, the Savage Woods, and Mountains
 (too.
 Again the Eccho sounds *Hyppolitus's* Name,
 That from their Covert drive the trembling
 (Game,
 While Wood-Nymphs blest to see their love-
 (ly Swain.
 Thrice happy Place! see all thy Glories shine,
 Tir'd or pleas'd with Conquest, some their
 (Power decline :
 But Youth and Beauty can no Confines know,
 Nor cease to Conquer, wheresoe'er they go,
 Great as their Charms, wide their Dominions
 (grow.

The

So shall ye pow'rful Three, an endless Empire
 (find;
 Those with Wit and Virtue, e'ery Grace of
 (Mind.
 Ten thousand thousand Charms, in you we see
 All, all we wish, the World's Epitome.

The Command.

THE Power those charming Accents do
(reveal,
No Want, no Disobedience can conceal.

A secret Impulse, (like your Beauty's Sway)
My stupid Faculties obey,
That in their innate Dulness lay.

Resistless Change! my conscious Pen pursues,
And new-born Thoughts blush for their Infant
Muse:
Yet Sacred the Command that bid me Write,
I dare the Dangers of Poetick Flight.

You Goddess like what e'er you will, must be,
And all obey you as a Deity.

Bid Bodies ponderous then t' ascend the Skies,
The Homely think they 're so, and Fools grow
(wise.

Bid the Town Ladies all consent

That Pleasures center on the North of *Trent*,

And o'er their Milk and Tea, defend the In-
(nocent.)

Bid us be constant after we possess,

No Fair, with groundless Fears, destroy her
(Happiness,

And Pleasures by Enjoyment ne'er grow less.

Bid those are lawful cease to cloy,

And stoll'n Delight diminish secret Joy.

Bid Lawrels flourish on the Captive Brow,

Fortune to Merit, and the Great prove true,

Such Charms be found elsewhere, as are in
(you.)

The

*The Indulgent Whore: Or, Ma-
dam Maintenon's Advice to
the French King.*

Written by the Earl of Dorset, in 1697.

I.

IN Grey-hair'd *Celia's* wither'd Arms
Whilst mighty *Lewis* lay,
She cry'd, If I have any Charms,
My Dearest let's away.

II.

I tremble for you when I hear
Of Drums, the dreadful Rattle,
Alas, Sir! what should you do here
In Day of dismal Battel?

III.

Perhaps you'll ask, What can repair
The Ruins of your Glory?

You

You ought to leave so mean a Care
To those that Pen your Story.

IV.

Are not *Boileau* and others paid
For Panegyrick Writing?
They know how Heroes may be made
Without the help of Fighting.

V.

Your Foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
Clap Six good Horses in your Coach,
And carry me to *Marly*.

VI.

Let *Bouffleurs*, to secure your Fame,
Go take some Town, or Buy it;
While you, Great Sir, at *Nestre-Dame*
Te Deum sing in Quiet.

Horace, *Lib. I. Ode 15. Imitated.*

When faithless *Paris* thro' the yielding Sea,
 Bore in his Ship the Pearl of *Greece* away,
 Kind *Nereus* still'd, and calm'd the raging Deep,
 And lull'd the noisy Billows into Sleep.

Then thus his tragick Story did relate,
 Thou bear'st with thee *Troy's* miserable Fate,
 Whom *Græcians* shall with Fire and Sword regain,
 And bear *Troy's* ruin'd Relicks o'er the Main,
 See angry *Pallas* grasps her Shield and Spear,
 Gerts on her Helm, and threatens cruel War.
 In vain soft Tunes upon your Lyre you play;
 In vain you Dance and Revel all the Day.

Alas! you little think at last you must
 Lay your cold Head and Glories in the Dust.
 Behold stern *Ajax* fighting in the Throng,
 How like some God he drives your Troops along!
 See *Diomed* each Squadron doth subdue,
 Whilst all he aims at, is to find out you:
 But you before his thund'ring Arms shall fly,
 Like trembling Hearts, when hungry Wolves
 (draw nigh.
 The Time shall come when ruin'd *Troy* shall feel
 The *Græcian's* haughty Rage, and murd'ring Steel.

Upon

To Mr. Dryden, on his Conversion.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

TRaytor to God, and Rebel to thy Pen,
Priest-ridden Poet, perjur'd Son of *Ben*;
If ever thou prove Honest, then the Nation
May modestly believe Transubstantiation.

*On a Lady who fancy'd her self
a Beauty.*

By the same.

I.

DOrinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes
United, dart too fierce a Light,
It quickly flashes, quickly dies;
Charms not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

II. Love

II.

Love is all Gentleness and Joy,
 Approaches with a modest Grace :
 Her *Cupid* is a Black-Guard Boy,
 That holds his Link just in your Face.

*Written on the Bog-House in
 Grays-Inn, presently after
 the Act of Toleration was
 publish'd.*

By the same.

IF Liberty of Conscience e'er was good,
 Sure in this Place it is best understood,
 Where all may S—t, F—t, S—k, do what they
 (please;
 This House was built for Liberty and Ease.
 Here Hind, and Panther, Wolf, and Bear do
 (meet,
 And F—t with F—t each one another Greet.

Here

Here P—n's three Letters are expos'd to Sale,
Each Beast buys one to wipe the Panther's Tail,
So Kindness gains, where Arguments do fail.

*A Consolatory Epistle to a
Friend, on his Disappoint-
ment in Marriage.*

W^Hen first, my Friend, you found an
(Amorous Fire
Stir in your Breast the Seeds of soft
(Desire,
And fought to have the youthful Heat allay'd,
In th' Alliance of some fair virtuous Maid;
Had you then known the Power of Female
(Wiles,
Of Grief dissembl'd, and of artful Smiles;
Of painted Charms, and a feign'd modest Guise,
Which Fools betray, and oft deceives the Wise.

Then

Then had you steer'd the doubtful Course a-
 (right,
 The Rocks and Sands had all appear'd in Sight ;
 Safely you'd shun'd th'enchanted Syren's Snare,
 And spy'd the Snake's Wound in the Gorgon's
 (Hair.

Vast are the Dangers which true Lovers run,
 And mighty Numbers have the Fair undone.
 How fatal are the Glances of bright Eyes,
 That wound like poyson'd Darts, as they sur-
 (prise ?
 When lovely Charms are join'd with a false
 (Heart,
 And vicious Habits are disguis'd by Art,
 'Tis hard to scape the subtle magick Spell,
 The tempting Ruin then appears so well,
 With Imperfections they encrease our Flames,
 Which fondly we excuse by gentle Names.
 When guilty Blushes do invade a Face,
 We streight are ravish'd with a Modest Grace :

Call



H h

Auftere

Auftere by Day, and riotous by Night,
 In holy Garbs they cheat the vulgar Sight,
 And as their Sire, seem Seraphs in the Light.

Yet all, dear Friend, a'n't like the *Phorcian*
 (Race,
Sulpicia's Soul was charming as her Face.

And many to preserve their Virgin-State,
 Have Satyrs slain, and urg'd a Tyrant's Hate:
 Have dy'd to be from Violation free,
 And sacrific'd themselves to Constancy.
 Each Heart must at the soft Relation bleed,
 Of faithful *Thifbe's* ever glorious Deed.
 The subtle *Greek*, releas'd from *Circe's* Charms,
 Found a chaste Wife to bless his conqu'ring Arms.
 And *Artemisia's* Monument does prove,
 A bright Example of *Connubial* Love.

These are the Virtues shou'd adorn each Fair,
 And thus in Sacred *Vesta's* Time they were:

The

The Muses were their Maids, and every Grace
Shin'd in their Deeds, as in their lovely Face.
What Joys, what Raptures fills the Hero's Breast,
When with eternal Truth and Beauty blest?
Rewards that Crown the hardy Warrior's Toil,
More lov'd than Conquest, or the richest Spoil.
A Joy so vast, the Senses scarce can bear,
And so Divine, 'tis rarely met with here.
Farewel those Ages, when Illustrious Dames
Met their Adorers with returning Flames;
E'er Flattery was introduc'd in Love,
Or wheedling Bawds the amorous Suit did move.
Virtue was Portion for a Prince's Bride,
The humble Maid lay happy by his Side:
Love no Distinction knew 'twixt High and Low,
But Beauty made the haughtiest Sov'reigns bow.

Venus descends upon the *Cyprian* Plains,
The Goddess yeilds to bless the happy Swains,
And rural Nymphs the Thund'rer entertains.

When Beauty and the Graces move Desire,
Scarce Heaven can their sublimer Joys inspire;
Else like a Comet that does bright appear,
It threatens some poor Mortals Ruin near.

At length, when Riches multiply'd on Earth,
Which gave to all Love-Cheats their Impious
(Birth,
They ceas'd to offer then at Beauty's Shrine,
And chang'd the Goddess for the Golden Mine.
Nothing so ugly or deform'd was found,
Where the prevailing Mettal did abound,
But they before the monst'rous Image fell,
And worshipp'd Furies, for the Power of Hell.
This taught the fairest Sex to love it's Charms,
To yield their Beauties up to loathsom Arms,

And

And equal Passion, and just Worth disdain,
And for a Miser, fly the loveliest Swain.

Nature debauch'd, Vice then began to Reign,
And most turn'd Prostitutes for Lust or Gain.
That Innocence, that humble moving Grace,
That Mind which still adorns the fairest Face,
These Virtues all vile Passions have o'ercome,
And foulest Blemishes fill up their Room.

The Gods were then, in disappointing, kind,
This fatal Choice, to which you were inclin'd,
It seems as if you were reserv'd by Fate,
For nobler Ends, and a more happy State.

What pungent Sorrows had your Soul oppress,
Had you this Serpent cherish'd in your Breast.
Pity the Wretch, who's doom'd to wear her
And bless your Stars, you'r free from all his
His jealous Stings, and his despairing Grief,
To know her false, and yet find no Relief.

The fickle Nymph, who once does faithless
Will ne'er be constant to a second Love: ^{(prove,}
To keep her Just, his nicest Skill will fail,
And tho' confin'd, still Nature will prevail.
As fallen Angels tempt to draw Men in
To share the Mis'ries of th' Apostates Sin,
Her charming Looks are manag'd to deceive
Those easy Fools, who fondly do believe.
But now, I hope, you'll know the fair Disguise;
No Traytor twice was trusted by the Wife.
And if again you with the Marriage Noose,
Let this Escape direct you then to choose
Among the num'rous Counterfeits that are,
A Beauty genuine, with a Mind as fair.

For

*The Fifth O D E of Horace's
Fourth Book, turn'd into
English by way of Imitation,
and humbly address'd to his
Grace the Duke of Marlbo-
rough, instead of Augustus,
to whom it is dedicated in the
Original.*

By the Author of *the Case of the Church of
England's Memorial fairly stated, &c.*

*Divis orte bonis, Optime Romule
Custos Gentis, &c.*

I.

O Born! when Heav'ns propitious deign'd
(to smile,
Thou best and bravest Champion of our Isle!

Too long ha'st thou been absent from our Sight,

Too long unhappy Britains mourn,

Thy slow Return,

And Senates wait to do their conqu'ring Gen'ral

H h 4

(Right.
II. Re-

II.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams re-
 That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'd'st
 For like the Springs, when thy bright Aspect's
 (store,
 (its Shore,
 (seen,

It on the People darts its Rays,

And introduces Sun-shine Days,

And all the Land does smile, and all the Sky's
 (serene.

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,

Whom the *South* Wind on Foreign Coasts de-
 Beyond his wonted and accustom'd time
 (tains

From his dear Home, and her more dear Em-
 And will not from the Shore avert her Face,
 (brace,

But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,

Expensive of her Briny Tears,

In hopes to see him reach his native Clime.

Thus

Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
Britain from *Germany* her *Marlborough* requires.

IV.

Safe by thy Presence, Oxen plough the Fields,
And *Ceres* with Increase her Blessings yields;
As every Project to our Wish succeeds,
While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
From *Gallia's* Naval-Threats is free,
And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy Virtuous
(Deeds.

V.

To thee, and to thy chaste Example's Due,
No Peer frequents the long neglected Stew,
That Parents by their Childrens Looks are
(known,
That Laws are put in Force,
And Punishments come on of Course,
When obstinate Offenders will those Laws dis-
(own.

VI. Who

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling
Scot?
 Or the dark Mischiefs, false *Bavarian's* Plot?
 Who values the *Hungarian*, or the *Sweed*?

If *Marlb'rough's* free from Harms,
The World against us is in vain in Arms,
And in his Health alone *Britain's* from Danger
(freed.

VII.

Be thou but safe, we'll safely spend our Days,
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flowers raise ;
Will lop the Sycamore and prune the Vine,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which
(we Dine.

VIII.

To thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows, and many Bumpers crown'd,
While

While we to Royal *Anna's* join thy Name,
With the same Reverence to thy Praise,
As *Greece* in ancient Days
Shew'd to their *Castor's*, or *Alcides* deathless
(Fame.

IX.

O matchless Prince, for so the Muse requests,
Return, and lengthen our *Thanksgiving-Feast*;
Extend them to an endless Round of Years,
Or make one Holy-day of time,
'Till thou Cœlestial Regions climb,
And Leave us all disconsolate in Tears.
These are our Day-break Wishes, when a-thirst
(we wake,
And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full
(Bumpers take.

*Tibi summa Rheni Domitor, Parens Orbis.
Pudice Princeps, gratias agunt Urbes.*

Mart. l. 9.

For

*For the Plan of a Fountain, on
which is Queen Ann on a
triumphal Arch, the Duke
of Marlborough on Horse-
back under the Arch, and
all the Rivers of the World
round about the whole Work.*

By Mr. Prior.

VOS quocunque cito properatis Flumina
(Lapsu,
Divisis late Terris Populisque Remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tamesis narravit, & Ister,
Anna quid imperijs potuit, quid Marlburus Armis.

English'd

English'd *by the same.*

YE active Streams, wheree'er your Waters
 Let distant Nations, and farthest Cli-
 What you from *Thames* and *Danube* have been
 How *Ann* commanded, and how *Marlbrough*
 (flow,
 (mates know,
 (taught,
 (fought.

On the Report of my Lord Somers's being to be removed from his Office of Lord High Chancellor.

By the same.

WHEN Envy does at *Athens* rise,
 And fills the Town with Murmurs
 Not *Aristides*, Great and Wise,
 Can 'scape the busy factious Crowd.

II. Each .

II.

Each common Vote augments the Cry,

Nor he that holds the fatal Shell,

Can fee no Cause or Reason why;

But being Great, and doing Well.

The Prologue to Pompey, a Tragedy, as it was perform'd at the Theater in Dublin, before the King, in the Year 1677. Translated from the French of Mons. Corneille, by Mrs. Katherine Phillips.

Written by the Earl of Roscommon.

THE mighty Rivals, whose destructive
 Did the whole World in Civil Arms
 Are now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
 To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Cæsar,

Great *Pompey* too, comes as a Suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal Justice, and (to tell
A *Roman* Truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on *Cæsar's* Side,
But *Pompey* thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His Fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not *Cato's* Mind.
Then of what Doubt can *Pompey's* Cause admit,
Since here so many *Cato's* judging sit?

But

* But you, bright Nymphs, give *Cæsar* leave
 (to Woo
 The greatest Wonder of the World but you,
 And hear a Muse, who has that *Hero* taught,
 To speak as gen'rously, as e'er he fought ;
 Whose Eloquence from such a Theme deters
 All Tongues but *English*, and all Pens but Hers.
 By the just Fates your Sex is doubly blest,
 You conquer'd *Cæsar*, and you praise him best.

† And you (Illustrious Sir) receive as due,
 A present Destiny reserv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their Forces
 (here,
 To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.

Accept it then, and on that *Pompey's* Brow,
 Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.

* To the Ladies.

† To the King.

*A Prologue, in Vindication of
the New Theatre. Spoken
by Mr. Booth.*

Written by Capt. B---n.

WHAT Arts have we not try'd? What
(Labour ta'en,
To reconcile you to our House again?

One while in mournful *Tragedy* we strove
T' inspire you with the tender Thoughts of
(Love,
But never cou'd your drowsy Passions move.

You're all of late such rigid *Stoicks* grown,
Ev'n poor *Monimia* now might weep alone,
Whilst you most Philosophically frown.

Since *Flanders* and the Fighting Trade came up,
'Tis thought effeminate one Tear to drop.

Damn Tragedies, says one, I hate the Strain, }
 I got a Surfeit of 'em last Campaign ; }
 Come, prithee let's be gone to *Drury-Lane* : }
 Thither in Crowds ye flock'd to see Sir Harry, }
 Or any Fop dress'd *A-la-mode de Paris* ; }
 So 'twas but Droll, it never could miscarry. }
 Finding your Palates so much out of Taste,
 We fairly ventur'd for a lucky Cast ;
 And Wit being grown, by Prohibition, scarce,
 Regal'd you here too with an *Irish* Farce.
 'Twas Farce, and therefore pleas'd you for a
 (while,
 Our *Teague* and *Nicodemus* made you smile :
 That Lure grown stale, we since are forc'd to
 (fill
 With supplemental Epilogue, our Bill ;
 For having us'd you still to something new,
 You now begin't' expect it as your Due ;

And

And ne'er reflect, that these penurious Times
 Our Bards cannot afford to give us Rhimes.
 How have I trudg'd about, from Day to Day,
 Barely to beg a Prologue to our Play?
 Morn after Morn I've fought, yet could not get
 (If Life had lain at Stake) one Dram of Wit;
 You'd swear I'd gone a begging in the Pit.
 From thence to the *Old Exchange*, and there I
 One of our Friends, who's turn'd a thrifty * Cit:
 At sight of me, away the Poet run,
 Just as we sometimes a grim Serjeant shun;
 Help, help, cry'd I, Sir, or we're all undone.
Begar, vid all my Art, only me'ave swore
Never to make de Englis Verses more;
But 'cause you be de Friend, if you vad know
Vad rare de Stock, or de Debenture go,

* Mr. Motteaux.

Me'll tell you dat. I thank you, Sir, said I,
 But I have no Occasion now to buy.
 From him, strait to St. *Lawrence-Lane* I went,
 You wot Necessity knows no Restraint;
 And there (most horrible to view) I saw
 Such Magazines of Court-hand, and the Law,
 So nigh resembling those which cost us dear,
 In Hall of *Westminster*, but the last Year,
 I thought no Friend to th' Play-house could
 (live there;
 But as the Proverb has't, *Do Right to th' Devil*.
 The * *Kentish* Yeoman, Faith, was very civil;
 It was Term-time, and he was to attend
 A Judge, so bid me not on him depend.
 From thence, it being past the Time of Noon,
 With nimble Steps I hy'd to the *Half-Moon*;
 Don || *Quixon* had been there, but he was gone.

Not

* Mr. Baker. || Tom. D'Urfey.

Not speeding there, to *Will's* I took my Round,
 But not one Poet there was to be found,
 Except the Author of the † *Country Wife*;
 But Faith, I durst not wake him for my Life,
 Least his plain-dealing Muse should let you
 Such stinging Truths, you'd not know how to }
 (hear,
 (bear,
 And make you, in a Pet, our House forswear. }

The Enjoyment.

By Mr. Otway.

I.

Clasp'd in the Arms of her I love,
 In vain, alas! for Life I strove:
 My flutt'ring Spirits, wrap'd in Fire
 By Love's mysterious Art,

I i 3

Born

† Mr. *Wycherley*.

Born on the Wings of fierce Desire,
Flew from my flaming Heart.

II.

Thus lying in a Trance for Dead,
Her swelling Breasts bore up my Head ;
When waking from a pleasing Dream,
I saw her killing Eyes,
Which did in fiery Glances seem
To say, Now *Celia* dies.

III.

Fainting, she press'd me in her Arms,
And trembling lay, dissolv'd in Charms,
When, with a shivering Voice, she cry'd,
Must I alone then die?
No, no, I languishing reply'd,
I'll bear thee Company.

VI. Melting

IV.

Melting our Souls thus into one,
Swift Joys, our Wishes did out-run;
Then launch'd in rolling Seas of Blifs,
We bid the World, *Adieu*;
Swearing by every charming Kifs,
To be for ever true.

The Enchantment.

By the same.

I.

I Did but look and love a while,
'Twas but for one half Hour;
Then to resist, I had no Will,
And now I have no Power.

I i 4

II. To

II.

To sigh and wish, is all my Ease,
Sighs, which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

III.

O! would your Pity give my Heart
One Corner of your Breast,
'Twould learn of yours, the winning Art,
And quickly steal the rest.

My

My Lord Rochester attempting to Kiss the Dutchess of Cleveland, as she was stepping out of her Chariot at White-Hall-Gate, she threw him on his Back, and before he Rose, he spoke the following Lines.

BY Heavens 'twas bravely done,
First to attempt the Chariot of the Sun,
And then to fall like *Phaeton*.

Posted on White-Hall-Gate.

By the same.

Here lives a Great and Mighty Monarch,
Whose Promise none relies on,
Who never said a foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

The

*The Virgin's Desire.**By the same.*

A Knight delights in Deeds of Arms,
Perhaps a Lady loves sweet Musick's
(Charms!
Rich Men in Store of Wealth delighted be.
Infants love Dandling on the Mother's Knee.
Coy Maids love Something, Nothing I'll express;
Keep the first Letters of these Lines, and guess,

Horace,

HORACE,

Lib. III. Ode III. *Imitated.*

Iustum, et tenacem propositi Virum, &c.

By William Walsh, Esq;

TH E Man that's Resolute and Just,

Firm to his Principles and Trust,

Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind;

No Passions his Designs controul,

Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,

Can shake his steady Mind.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,

Nor Threatnings of a Court enrag'd,

Nor

Nor Storms where Fleets dispair,
Not Thunder pointed at his Head ;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose ,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes.
Of this their Poets sing ;
These were the Paths the Heroes trod ;
These Acts made *Hercules* a God,
And Great *Nassau* a King.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,
With black'ning Storms combin'd ;
Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way ;
The Winds may for a while delay,
Not alter our Design.

The

The Men whom selfish Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,

May be to Fears betray'd:

But here, a Church for Succour flies,
Insulted Law expiring lies,

And loudly calls for Aid.

Yes, *Britons*, yes! with ardent Zeal

I come, the wounded Heart to heal,

The wounding Hand to bind !

See Tools of Arbitrary Sway,

And Priests, like Locusts, scout away

Before the Western Wind !

Law shall again her Force resume,

Religion clear'd from Clouds of *Rome*,

With

With brighter Rays advance :
The *British* Fleet shall rule the Deep,
The *British* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
Strike Terror into *France*.

Nor shall these Promises of Fate
Be limited to my short Date,
When I from Cares withdraw ;
Still shall the *British* Scepter stand,
Shall flourish in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.

She shall Domestick Foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her Flags shall Fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain;
She shall lost *Italy* restore,
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
And give a King to *Spain*.

But know these Promises are given,
These great Rewards Imperial Heaven
Does on these Terms decree,
That, strictly punishing Men's Faults,
You let their Consciences and Thoughts,
Rest absolutely free.

Let no false Politicks confine
In narrow Bounds your vast Design,
To make Mankind unite;
Nor think it a sufficient Cause,
To punish Men by Penal Laws,
For not believing Right.

Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind;
Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find;

Who

Who ne'er Compassion knew,
By nobler Actions theirs condemn;
For what has been reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in you.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre;
Muse, to what Height dost thou aspire,
Pretending to rehearse
The Thoughts of God and God-like Kings?
Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
By mean ignoble Verse.

Dryden's

DRYDEN'S SATYR,
To his MUSE;
Being an Answer to *Absalom* and
Achitophel.

Written by the Right Honourable *John* Lord SOMMERS.

*Quo Liceat Libris non licet ire mihi.
Turpiter huc illuc Ingeniosus eat.*

Hear me dull Prostitute, worse than my
(Wife,
Like her the shame and clog of my dull Life,
Whose first Essay was in a Tyrants praise,
Bawdy in Prologues Blasphemous in Plays,
So Lewd, thou mad'st me for the Church
(unfit,
And I had starv'd but for a Lucky hit,
When the weak Ministers Implor'd my Wit

K k

Stol't

Stol't me from Business where I might have
A solid Fortune to thy Barren Trade, ^{(made,}

My Father wisely bid me be a Clerk

Thou Whisperd'st Boy be thou a Tearing
I from that fatal hour new hopes Pursu'd, ^{Spark;}

Set up for Wit, and Awkwardly was Lewd,

Drank 'gainst my Stomach 'gainst my Con-
Against my Will I marry'd a Rank Whore ^{(science Swore,}

After two Children and a third Miscarriage,

By Brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage,

Affected Rapes and Lusts I'd never known

As if that all GOMORRAH was my own,

Nor Love, nor Wine, could ever see me Gay

To writing Bred I knew not what to say,

With Scolding Wife and Starving Chits beset

When I want Money and no friend will treat,

Chear'd with one Cup of thy *Castalian* spring,

I can abuse the Church, my friend and King;

Tell

Tell him he's Jilted, Fool'd, led by the Nose,
 Then like *Almanzor* turn upon his Foes;
 Libel his Mistresses and States men too
 Then o're his Whoring Life old *David* throw,
 By whom *Uriah* was so basely Slain,
 But our God Monarch Spares his *Castlemain*
 And *Oate's* his Plots and Treasons Swears
 (in Vain;
 Defame the Men that gave me Meat and
 (Cloaths.
 And then Deny it with a Thousand Oaths.
Adriel to Please, call *Rochester* a Fool,
Sidley a Capuchin, and *Dorset* Dull.
 I like *Borofky* by the false Count hir'd,
 On *Scroop* my Blunderbuss of Satyr fir'd,
 In Cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave Co-
 (ward too,
 What more to *Hall* or *Cranborn* cou'd I do,
 Who long enjoy'd e're I began to Woo.

Thoul't say Perhaps, what is all this to thee,
If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be.
But then thou shoud'st thy Sacred Aid Refuse,
When I invoke it to so base an Use
Blunt of my Murd'ring Pen, the killing Point,
And honestly Refuse the odious hint,
But thou ne're com'st so gladly to my Call,
As when on Merit unprovok't I fall,
Is there a Patriot to be Defam'd,
Lady abused or Virtuous Action blam'd,
Thou with officious hast Rank'st every word
And giv'st thy raging Madman a sharp sword,
Devils to Witches are not more at hand
Then thou when I an Hellish task Command;
To thee ungrateful! What has *Monmouth* done,
That Parson like, thou Call'st him *Absalon*,

And

And by that Name dost foolishly infer,
He from Old *David's* head the Crown wou'd
Was he Ambitious, he had kept his Place, ^{(Tear}
Stood high in *David's* as the People's Grace,
And Warlike Chief of the *Prætorian* bands,
To the whole Nation's Hearts had joyn'd their ^{(Hands}
Of Publick Good Dissembled his Deep Care,
With the false Jebusite a while kept fair,
Then in some great Decisive glorious Day
Make those vile Cormorants disgorge their ^{(Prey,}
Our Church, Religion, Freedom and our Laws,
Those Darling-Morsels of their Longing Jaws,
VWise *Stanley*, thus till *Bosworth's* fatal Day,
Did seeming Faith to Cruel *Richard* Pay,
But Left the Tyrant in the heat of Fight,
And Brought success to *Harry's* drooping ^{(Right}

Monmouth's brave Mind cou'd no disguise en-
dure,
Still Noble ways preferring to secure ;

While *David* Lavishes his Peoples Love,
He buys the Purchase with design t'improve ;
And like some Prudent Kinsmen Reconvey
What the Wild Heir hath vainly thrown
(away,
Left the Great Ancient family Decay.

Good honest *David*, why wou'd'st thou have
(made,
Of such a Son and Parliaments, afraid ;
Which whilst he sways what Faction dares
(dispute,
Or who Can say, He is not Absolute.

Thro' them he may Command the Peoples
(Purse,
And spend their VVealth and Blood without
(a Curse,
By Laws they wou'd a Popish Heir Exclude ;
Not by rude Force or a Tumultuous Crow'd ;
Against *Navarre* the factious Princes Leagu'd
And the Right Heir the Papal VVorld In-
(trigu'd,
VVhen

VWhen a Long VVar had Plac'd him on the
 (Throne
 The State Religion he was forc't to own,
 The harmless People took it in Good Part,
 The Zealous Church yet Stabb'd him to the
 (Heart
 Taught all by story there was no defence,
 But they must Change their Faith or change
 (their Prince
 VWho wou'd not here the like Extreame Pre-
 (vent
 And settle things by Aid of Parliament.
 Thou only Court Presiding at the Helm,
 VWhich mak'st all others useful to the Realm
 Inferior Judges Trembling to decree,
 VWhat may hereafter be Condemn'd by thee,
 The Chancellor's and ill Statesmen's only
 (Dread,
 For it is thou alone can Reach their Head,
 By thee fell *Wolfey* and false *Clau—don*
 Abandoned by their Kings but here undone ;
 Both overwhelm'd for daring to Remove,
 Or Stem the Torrent of their Masters Love,
 K k 4 The

The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd,
 The other made Lov'd *Stuart Richmond's* }
 And with the Royal Blood for ever mingl'd }
 To their own Ruin can all Men agree, (Bride
 (H—c
 And none the Precipice but Courtiers see.

Courtiers who Importune the Sovereign,
 To Pardon Robbers, Cut-Throats, for their
 Who Live on Idiots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines, (Gain.
 And cannot thrive but when the Nation Pines,
 Unhappy we, if Rul'd by such, whose Rent
 Consists in Breaches of the Government.

Some few there are with Great Estates indeed,
 Yet Labour with Imaginary need.

Strange sort of Fools, who for one Pension
 Inslave themselves, and all they had before, (more,
 Others with Titles and new Earldom's Caught,
 Wou'd give up all for which the Barons Fought

They're

They're equally unfit for Government,
 VVho nothing have, or nothing will content.

Who bid thee in *Achitophel's* vile Name,
 Old *David's* Errors and his Faults Proclaim.
 Or say, Plots true or false are needful things
 To set up Common-wealths and pull down
 (Kings;
 That *David* (whom thou dost with Reve-
 (rence Name)
 Charm'd into ease, grows careless of his Fame
 And brib'd with Petty Summs of Foreign
 (Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old;
 That like the Prince of Angels, from his
 (height,
 He now comes downward with diminish'd
 (Light.
 If *David* once ill Language lay to Heart,
 Who shall the Poet from the Traytor Part.
 The People's Voice, of old the Voice of God
 Thou call'st the Voice of an unruly Crowd;

Crowds

Crowds are the Fools,————

That flock to thine and *Durfey's* Loyal Plays,
 And give implicit claps on your third Days ;
 About the Stage of *Mountebank* they wait,
 And Whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
 But havelike thee, no Interest in the State.

Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,
 And under Iron Yoak's make *Indians* bow,
 But with old *England* what hast thou to do

Who from our Kings an useful Power wou'd
 Nor have they Power but for the Peoples sake

Disarm themselves and Anarchy bespeak,
 Kings may do good at their full stretch of Will,
 And need not for a strain, or Law stand still ;
 They spare with Mercy, tho' with Judgment
 Confined like God, only from doing ill :

Thus

Thus in our Papal Fire, to save the Town,
Some Houses were Blown up, and some pull'd
None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood (down;
A Private Mischiefs, for the Publick Good.
Tho we all Perish, yet we must forbear
The Sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
If we thy Foolish Politicks shou'd hear ;
A Sovereign Power some where there must be,
In King, in Lord, in Commons, or all Three,
Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,
Which can do all, and nothing do amiss ;
The Sacred Ties of Marriage can Dissolve,
And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,
Making those Bastards, who had else been Heirs,
And Injur'd Husbands, legal Widdowers ;
Cut off Entails, make new, Repeal Old Laws ;
And of Contending Kings, decide the Cause.
Thus

Thus from the helm our Learned *Richard*
 Confess'd their Power, and own'd their Sen-
 (Thrust,
 And on the Throne our brave fourth *Ed-*
 (tence Just.
 Whilst *Harry* Liv'd a Pris'ner of State,
 (ward Sate,

Alphonso thus depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife ;
 There *Jus Divinum* Barks not at his Right,
 Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by
 (Night;
 In his defence each private Man may kill ;
 Must then a Nation Perish and stand still
 If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not Fight,
 VVhen can a Christian Sword be in the Right ?
 Oh the Prodigious wit, and wond'rous sting,
 To call *Achit'phell's* Son, Unfeather'd two
 (Legg'd thing ?
 So by old *Plato* Man was once defin'd,
 Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.
 Thy *Amiel* with Bull *Jonas* self may View
 For all but Courage, wit, and honesty. As

As Loud he Roard 'gainst the Prerogative,
 As Sharply blam'd as stingily wou'd give,
 Till his own wants oblig'd him to Receive,
 And on his Cheated fire he cou'd no longer
 Whose whole Estate when he in Trust had got,^{(live,}
 Thy honest *Amiel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.
 Thy *Hushai* next a true Friend e're a Man,
 So soon his Dearness with his Prince began,
 VVas but Fourteen when *David* was abroad,
 Less fit for a Kings Friendship than a Rod.
 Which he deserv'd when he with Tears Re-
 And in full House the Loyal Baby cry'd,^{(ply'd,}
 How cou'd one *German* Journey teach his youth
 And add Experience to his Native Truth,
 Abroad he Learned to live upon his Prince,
 As every Fool, Whore, Bully, has done Since }
 To other Merit he has no Pretence.
Bazzillai's Praise I cou'd Rehearse again,
 And make the second Labour of my Pen ;
 VVise

Or *Jotham* Flatter'd that Vain Fickle thing,
 Famous for jests upon the Church and King ;
 One while *Pythagoras's* harmless Food,
 For Thoughts and Politicks must Cool his
 And than again with Whores and Lusty wines, ^{(Blood}
 Revels all Night and thinks him Mad that ^{(Dines,}
 Quibles, Jokes Puns and Trifling Wit he has ;
 And like the *Swede* is very Rich in Brass ;
 Against the Court, and *David's* self he Roar'd
 How ill he Govern'd, and how worse he ^{(Whor'd,}
 Wou'd swear a *Parrot* had more VVit than ^{(Nelly}
 With her Parch'd Face wrinkled more than ^{(P—the Belly.}
 Yet now to both, like Popish Saints he Prays,
 Which shews he will not burn in *James's* Days ;
 In his Plain Band, and Honesty in show,
 He only aim'd at *D—by's* overthrow,

Which

Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his
 (Ends,
 And farewell all his plain well meaning Friends
 There was no Plot, no *Papish* Duke to fear,
 With *Da—y* all our Dangers Disappear ;
Da—y thus setting to prevent Dark Night,
 This Paler Moon shews forth its clearer Light,
 Misguides our Councillor's with her Glim'r-
 (ing Ray
 And all our Men of Business lose their Way,
 Our Parliament's Dissolv'd, New Members meet
 An *Oxford* Journey must allay their Heat,
 But the true *English* Interest appear'd,
 The *Silver Smith's* for their *Diana* Fear'd,
*Poper*y would pass on us in no Disguise,
 No flowers cou'd hide that serpent from our
 (Eyes ;
 W'are in such haste Dissolv'd that in the Street,
 New Chosen with Dissolving Members meet,
 And

And then a Paper in good *David's* Name,
 Must the proceedings of the House Defame.
 Sheriff's and Juries Packt, Justices made,
 Knights of th' address, and all false Co-
 To cheat their Party with a vain Conceit, ^{(Clours laid,}
 The People, Parliaments both Fear and Hate,
 What *Sampson* in a Dungeon Captive Blind
 In spiteful Rage for Cruel foes design'd,
 The House of Commons must be thought to do,
 Against themselves and those that trust them too
 The Head shall sooner fear its own Right Hand,
 Parents their Smiling Infants Death Command;
 The chearful Birds sit silent in the Spring,
 Then Lords and Commons hurt the Realm or
 They may thy Heroes, that small faithful ^{(King}
 Precious Councillors, who dare singly stand ^{(Band}
 'Gainst the Collective Wisdom of the Land

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 'Gainst the Collective Wisdom of the Land

David in Exile had more Friends than thou,

Wilt to his best his happiest Days allow ;

Why sounds thy Trumpet in the time of

Art thou afraid our Differences shou'd cease, ^{(Peace,}

That thus thou talk'st of Rebels, Treasons,

Than any *Irish* Witness ever swore ? ^{(more}

Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive a Trade,

Care not what ruin, or what Slaughter's made.

But here me Prophecy, and mark me well

E'er thrice the Rose renews its fragrant smell,

People and King, shall join like Man and Wife,

And both abhor the Engines of their Strife

No more shall they endure a Hackney Pen, }
 And thou cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again, }
 Please none but silly Women, or worse Men ; }

David shall find Duty an empty Word,

(For different Faiths can never have one ^{(Sword;}
 The

The knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd,
'Twixt those that Heavenly concerns divide,)
He then shall with his Parliament agree,
And Lives and Fortunes shall their Langu-
Monmouth be blest, for all that he has done, ^{(age be;}
While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.

F I N I S.

AN
 ALPHABETICAL - TABLE,
 TO THE
Earl of Roscommon's Works,
 AND THE
 Collection of *Miscellany POEMS.*

N. B. All the Poems mark'd [R. W.] Refer to the Earl
 of *Roscommon's WORKS*, and these not mark'd to
 the *Miscellanies*.

A.
ABSALOM and Achitophel *Revers'd,*
or Dryden's Satyr to his Muse Written
by the Right Honourable the Ld. S—rs. Page
 143

C.
On Confinement By Sir Roger L' Estrange,
when a Prisoner in Dover Castle having the
Prospect of a Rough Sea at the Time of Writing
it. 47
The Command. 101

A Consolatory Epistle to a friend upon his
Disappointment in Marriage, by a Person of
Quality. 109

A De-



An Alphabetical-Table,

D.

A Description of the Battle and Victory obtain'd by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, over the French and Bayarians, at Blenheim near Hochstet in the Year, 1704. By Mr. Smith of Oxford. 36

A Dialogue between Oliver Cromwell, and Charon, by Mr. Hall of Hereford. 84

Dryden's Conversion a Satyr, by Mr. T. Brown. 107

E.

On Enjoyment, by Mr. Tho. Otway.

An Epigram made on Sight of the Countess of Sunderland at Tunbridge-Wells, in the Year 1705. by Dr. G — 39

An Elegy on a Greyhound, by a Cornish Gentleman. 82

F.

A Faithful Catalogue of our most Eminent Ninnies; a Satyr, Written in the Year 1686. by the Earl of Dorset. 32

G.

The Ghost of the Old House of Commons, to the New one appointed to meet at Oxford, 1682, by the Earl of ROSCOMMON. 1 R. W.

The Grove, by the same. 29 R. W.

Horace's

To the E. of Roscommon's Works.

H.

Horace's Art of Poetry made English by the Earl of Roscommon. 5

——— *Book the 1st. Ode the 22d. by the same.* 21 R.W.

——— *Book the 2d. Ode the 4th. my Lord G—— to the Earl of S——* 40

——— *Book the 4th. Ode the 5th. Imitated and Humbly Adress'd to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, instead of Augustus to whom it is Dedicated in the Original, by Mr. Pittis.* 117

——— *Book 3d. Ode the 3d. Imitated, by Mr. Wallh.* 137

I.

The Incantment, by Mr. Tho. Otway. 133

The Indulgent Whore, or Madam Maintenon's Advice to the French King, by the Earl of Dorset. 103

*An Inscription design'd for the Plan of a Fountain, on which is Queen Ann on a Trium-
phal Arch, the Duke of Marlborough on Horse-
back under the Arch, and all the Rivers of the
World round about the whole Work, by Mr.
Prior.* 122

*Jeremy's Prayer paraphras'd prophetically re-
presenting the passionate Grief of the Jewish
People's Loss of their Town and Sanctuary, By
the Earl of Roscommon.* 8 R. W.

On the Day of Judgment, by the same. 16 R. W.

On

An Alphabetical-Table,

L.

*On a Lady, who fancied her self a Beauty,
by the Earl of Dorset.* 107

N.

*On a Nobleman's seat, the Family being Re-
mov'd.* 94

— Their Return. 98

*Paraphrase on the 148. Psalm by the E.
of Roscommon.* R. W. 73

*The perjur'd Lover an Imitation of Ovid
by a Young Lady.* 43

*Prologue to Pompey a Tragedy as it was
Acted at the Theater in Dublin in the Year,
1677. By the Earl of Roscommon* 124

*Prologue in Vindication of the New Play
House.* 127

R.

The Royal Folly written in the Year, 1697. 87

*On the Report of my Lord Sommer's being
to be Remov'd from his Office of Lord High
Chancellor.* 123

Ross's Ghost, by the Earl of Roscommon. 31 R. W.

S.

*On Segniora, Francesca, Marguarita de
L' Epine's Singing by the Lord H——x.* 106

V.

*Verses Written upon the Bog-House in
Gray's.*

To the E. of Roscommon's Works.

Gray's-Inn presently after the Act of Toleration was Publish'd by Mr. T. Brown. 108

U.

Of the Use of POETRY, by Mr. Waller.

W.

The Widow's Delivery, or the Dragooning Monk, to the Tune of a Soldier and a Sailor by Captain B. — 79

F I N I S.

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